JOHN BULL, JULY 25, 1925 — *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* — Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 999. — SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1925. — TWOPENCE.

a Sterling set gets radio best

The Amazing Mr. Amery

BY

A. G. Gardiner

Stops Indigestion within Two Minutes

Nine times out of ten Indigestion or Stomach Trouble is due to acidity and fermentation. 'Bisurated' Magnesia *instantly* neutralises the harmful acidity, banishes the fermentation, soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining and so makes you well. With the help of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, even the worst dyspeptic can eat whatever he or she fancies, without distress to follow.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion

SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE IN POWDER AND TABLETS PRICE 1/3d.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners,

(*Continued from page* 31)

Lane, Croydon; C. Smith, The Common, Frampton Cotterell, Nr. Bristol; G. S. Smith, 20, Skinner St., Stockton-on-Tees; Mrs. J. Smith, 31, Ombersley Rd., Bedford; J. H. Smith, 2*, St. James' Terr., Dudley; W. H. Smith, 36, Stockton St., Moss Side, M/c.; Mrs. Stebelin, "Newbury," Cecil Park, Pinner; C. Swan, 3, Grange Loan, Edinburgh; R. C. Talbot, 4, Bell Lane, Northchurch, Herts.; Mrs. E. H. Thomas, Onp. White Horse, Tavernaubach, Fredegar; Miss M. Thorp, 28, Brydon St., Tipping St., Ardwick; E. Timms, 15, Kingsley St., Battersea, S.W.; F. Turnbull, 22, Chapel St., Galashiels, N.B.; V. Turner, 37, Brittania St., Gray's Inn Rd., London; P. A. Vickers, 135, Admiralty Rd., Rosyth, Fife; Mrs. W. Wade, 16, Pymroyd Lane, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield; G. Walker, 106, Rothesay Av., Lenton, Nottingham; C. Waller, "Woodhome," Cookridge, Horsforth, Leeds; E. Ward, 88, Craven Rd., Rugby; Mrs. R. E. Watkins, 17, Thomas St., Loughborough; J. Watson, 41, Branch R.I., Burnley; Mrs. White, 17, Seaton Rd., Yeovil; C. W. Whittaker, Grays Corner, Orsett, Essex; H. Wright, 23, College St., Northfleet.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 567 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 570 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

The most fascinating romance of the year.

Elinor Glyn's

latest and greatest

: serial story :

"Love's Blindness"

commences in

The August

Romance

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF ROMANCE

On Sale Everywhere **9d**

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Reader's Tragic Death JOHN BULL Pays £250 to Widow

MIDNIGHT! The house is wrapped in slumber. A muffled step is heard on the landing. A figure gropes its way in the darkness. There is a dreadful cry—a headlong fall—and the next moment the figure lies a crumpled heap at the bottom of the staircase—dead.

Thus did a steep and treacherous staircase, such as may be found in thousands of other homes, prove a death-trap to Mr. James Fish, 22, Houghton Road, Audenshaw.

One ray of comfort remains for the bereaved widow. Mr. Fish had had the foresight to register for "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, and "John Bull" has therefore forwarded to Mrs. Fish a cheque for £250.

Accidents—Sickness—Fire—Storm—you can't help running the risk, but by signing the form you can be compensated, should disaster come. Register to-day, and don't forget that one registration covers both husband and wife.

IMPORTANT NOTICE to Registered Readers on Holiday.

To remain qualified for the Benefits offered under "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their Newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return.

TOTAL BENEFITS NOW PAID—16,830

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

J.B. 25.7.25.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

Cash the Coupons—John Bull's Wonderful Offer

See What You Get!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—beautifully chased—admittedly worth 10/6.

(2) FREE, a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills.

PRICE - - - - - - - 5½

WITH SIX COUPONS . . 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.

IMPORTANT.

This great offer has proved so wonderfully popular that we have decided to extend it and make ALL Coupons (any date) available until Sept. 30.

Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket a shilling, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember, ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED

(A 13) **JOHN BULL**

PEN COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part purchase of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be sent from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and [illegible] (includes postage and insurance). [illegible] extras. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"The Major."

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IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Billiousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly, post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received over 25,000 letters from satisfied users in 15 months which are open to inspection.

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CAUTION—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. All genuine Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets are always sealed with Government stamps.

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."
18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic, and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."
25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.
25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite, this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.
25338—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.
22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.
21987—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.
22103—F—— Tuberculosis Dispensary: Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite among certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.
20941—I do not know what I would do without the tablets, and I live in fear of running short of them, as my complaint, diabetes, asserts itself as soon as I stop taking them.
21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.
20574—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.
22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly, wonderful. I recommend them to everybody!

21111—Whilst at the nursing home I had to take what Dr. B. prescribed. I suffered terribly with my head, and I felt miserable without my Yeast-Vites, but I induced a friend to get me a box, and next morning I was much brighter, and myself again. The sisters noticed it, and the matron remarked, "What a change, Mrs. E.; you are looking wonderfully well to-day. Good old Dr. B." But I said to myself. "Good old Yeast-Vite!"
20943—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.
22164—I am already feeling the benefit of Yeast-Vite although there is still some sugar; but I am not so fatigued, and the muscular rheumatism has gone entirely. I am resting better at night.
21982—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.
22924—I am now entirely free from boils, the first time in two years.
22097—I am suffering from diabetes, and have been doctoring without relief until I tried Yeast-Vite. I have had only one box and already feel a new woman.
21834—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this and let the public know how much good they have done me.
19997—I have suffered with stomach trouble for years, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am entirely cured. I have recommended them to many friends, and they all speak highly of them.
21907—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions. I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.
19367—Leading London Hospital (Secretary): After a careful test we find Yeast-Vite as claimed and very satisfactory. We are now quite willing to purchase supplies.
12666—Diocesan for Befriending Girls: I am using them for my girls with great success. One very delicate girl gained 4 lb. in one week. I find them an excellent tonic.

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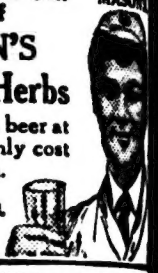

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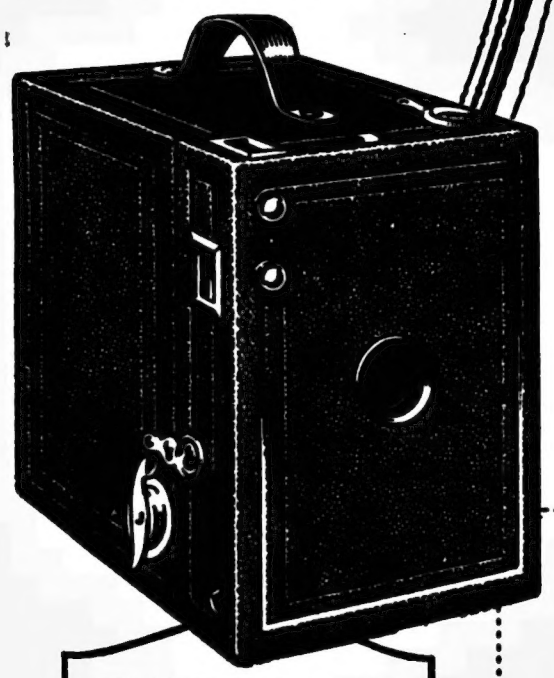

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Vol. XXXVIII. No. 999.

JOHN BULL

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On Other Pages—

"How to Cheapen Food" by Admiral Mark Kerr .. .. p. 19
"Strange Rodeo Mystery" .. .. .. p. 10 "The Tinkers in Power" .. .. .. p. 16
"Watch Your Pound Notes!" .. .. p. 12 "Is Your Butcher a Murderer?" .. p. 16
"A Baronet's Bounce" .. .. .. p. 13 "Savages in Trousers" .. .. .. p. 20
"A Black Mystery" page 15

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Economy."

satisfied with spending £120,000,000 on armaments, the Cabinet has swallowed endations from the Naval Construction ittee involving a supplementary estimate 00,000. This news will shortly be broken axpayer.

's Future.

ndon daily announces that the period t when Cabinet changes could have been thout by-elections, no changes are likely. w better. Ouce more we say, "Watch rt Horne!"

be Peace.

page in the coal industry would at this a national disaster—like the Great War, costly to the victors than to the ed. It is to be feared that it would a labour struggle such as this country has en.

ating Labour Forces.

alowners and the railway companies have one result which seemed distant and . Their simultaneous moves for cutting ve got the big unions together. It was Mr. Cook's game to a nicety.

the Fore.

really leads the Liberal Par[illegible] Mr. eorge and Sir Alfred Mond vie in leading king. But the powder and shot Lloyd res are mostly Mond's.

Eclipse.

hn Simon does not like the latest Liberal Busier than ever at the Law Courts, he cally dumb. He did not speak in the f Dean. He might be qualifying for a or a judgeship. You'll soon see.

Wheatley.

ctionist literature from Australia (where is Protectionist) has become a favourite ith the Clyde group. The anomaly of s advocating food taxes is a possibility of re—if Mr. Wheatley gets his way.

od Thing.

nt-day opinion does not lend itself to the he British Army butting into war when- opening occurs. We congratulate the ment in refusing British troops for Tangiers. be equally firm in the matter of warships ol purposes. One good refusal deserves

ple's Voice.

foreign affairs remain complicated and n, one clear fact emerges. Great Britain be involved in the entanglements. Nor sacrifice the life of one British soldier. had enough.

Changing Temper.

The truth is uneasiness is growing in regard to foreign policy. The Government must not mistake its swollen majority for unbridled power. An embittered country has a sharp, short voice. Mr. Baldwin must not provoke a crisis.

Taking Our Tip.

The Labour M.P.s off to Russia during summer holidays have changed their minds. In view of the industrial situation they'll stop at home. Sense at last!

The Bait on the Hook.

While dangling orders for £30,000,000 before British trade, the Russian envoy in this country really fishes for a loan either in cash or credit. Our Government can't be expected to recognise Russia if Russia won't recognise us. And so Mr. Austen Chamberlain told Mr. Rakovsky roundly.

Stop that War.

The French people's detestation of the war in Morocco has smashed up the Left group of Parties on which the Painleve Ministry rested. The Parliamentary recess gives the Ministry a respite. If by October they have not squared matters with Abdel Krim Paris will see a big political crisis.

C.O.D. Moves On.

Cash-on-Delivery parcel post is now before the Cabinet; a definite scheme is being examined by a Cabinet Committee. Some timid Ministers need gingering up. But the Postmaster-General is keenly aware that to push the scheme through will be a feather in his cap.

Birth Control.

Population in these isles increases yearly by over 400,000. Taken in conjunction with growing unemployment it's something to ponder. We don't like the word over-population, but——

Two Open Roads.

The Dominions still cry aloud for new settlers. But they want only the best. Good stuff is not bred indiscriminately. Let the Government give the harassed poor decent teaching on birth control. It's simply common sense.

A Good Plan.

Unemployed land in a sea-girt isle is as tragic as unemployed men. All over the country are vast stretches of it. Why not grant plots to willing workers along with a sum of money to be refunded from earnings? If one municipality leads, others will follow.

Reader's Tragic Death.

"JOHN BULL" pays £250
TO WIDOW,

See page 2.

False Economy.

The Health Insurance Fund being in credit to the tune of fifty millions, Sir Robert Horne proposes to reduce contributions as an offset to new charges imposed by the Pensions Bill. Others wish to help industry by postponing the Bill indefinitely. We oppose both tactics.

Our Reason.

The fifty millions should go back in increased benefits to those who contributed them. Widows' pensions, as we continue to point out, save themselves. It is neglected children who fill workhouses, reformatories and asylums. Pensioned mothers are the surest preventive.

The Latest Meanness.

Bogus rent-collectors are about. In one street poor people found themselves fleeced of £50. The remedy is more brain work by the public. When a new man calls, insist on seeing credentials.

Pity the Kiddies.

Hopeless poverty drives hundreds of London children to "fruiting" and "hopping" to earn a crust. Conditions in poor schools are scandalous. If this happened in Austria or Russia we suppose the country would be roused! When youngsters are British nobody cares.

Northern Neglect.

More than one hundred children in the city of Middlesbrough are unfit for school owing to under-nourishment. But, again, the little ones are this side the water. Therefore nothing is done.

A Tragic Farce.

To "relieve" traffic congestion sandwichmen will disappear from London. It is easy to say "Thou shalt not" to these poor derelicts, but less easy to show them alternative means of earning a crust. That's something authority has forgotten.

The Rubber Fandango.

The amazing "scrums" in rubber share dealings emphasises John Bull's warning that the export restrictions in British Malaya had become a costly absurdity. Foreign production has been stimulated in a way that will be felt in future years.

Smile, Please!

One big British company making rubber goods has a huge advance contract with Dutch producers at a sixth of the present price of rubber. No wonder trade orders go abroad!

It's What We Advocate.

At St. Blazey, near Plymouth, a new and up-to-date power station will supply Fowey and a dozen other places with light and power. One step, and a good one, towards the better electrification of the country. It's the direction in which renewed prosperity lies.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *&* *the* DEVIL

Work of Mercy Banned.

Manchester has banned "The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals" from its streets, thus denying the poor the opportunity of obtaining expert treatment for their suffering pets. Have the officials of the city nothing better to do than discover hidden meanings in its by-laws?

Hearts of Stone.

After a motor-cycle collision on the Otley road, near Leeds, Lily Booth lay dying on the roadside and a car was needed to convey her to hospital. She was left to die by a number of drivers who callously passed by and ignored the appealing signals of the police. The consciences of the heartless have an uneasy time.

Crazy to Wed.

A mental deficient, George Herridge, twenty-two, of Chelsea, might have been married only he has been sent to an L.C.C. home. He has the mind of a boy of nine, yet a young woman was walking out with him with the idea of marrying him. She must be nearly as crazy as the poor fellow. Such unions breed lunatics.

Men with a Heart.

Busman's holiday has been kept by drivers and conductors employed at the L.G.O.C. garage, Warner Road, Camberwell. They made two hundred and fifty of London's poorest kiddies happy by taking them by omnibus into the country for a real day's holiday. It was a happy thought. Such an act restores faith in the goodness and sanity of the industrial world.

Setting About It.

In the Edinburgh district an entirely new industry has come into being. A paper-mill discovered how to use up all the waste products from esparto grass. Endurite results, a substance that can be stained to any colour and used for manufacturing articles of household use. Developments are expected, with consequent hope for numbers of unemployed.

The Spoilers.

Lord Northampton has opened the gates of Castle Ashby to the public, but some ill-mannered people have ill requited his kindness by spoiling the grounds. It is up to visitors who have evidence of such vandalism to pass on their information to the police. A peer who is courteous is entitled to public support against hooligans who spoil things for others.

Worth Calling Men.

When William Eley, a lad unable to swim, fell into a deep swollen stream at Parkmill, Gower, no fewer than three men, one after another, dived to his help. As they failed to reach him, Mr. Jack Hyndman, a tinplate worker, plunged in fully clothed, and in the nick of time brought the drowning youth to safety. Such unanimous and commendable promptitude speaks well for the male population of Gower.

Inside Knowledge.

The Lunacy Commission continues to uncover sad facts. Sir Lewis Beard states that lunacy is rapidly overtaking the available accommodation and more asylums are needed. Will they be filled with lunatics or merely persons it is expedient to put out of sight? Incarceration for life is possible with less formality and publicity than is taken in sending a felon to prison for six weeks. The law must be altered.

Prompt and Proper.

Mr. E. A. Owen, of Nott House, was chatting with a friend on Carmarthen Bridge when he observed Douglas Wills Allen, a young motor-engineer, drunk in a car and the public diving right and left from the terror of his wheels. Mr. Owen stopped the car, dragged Allen from his seat, and hauled him to justice. Allen was fined and sent to prison for a month, but he ought to go down on his bended knees to the man who saved him from a charge of manslaughter. We could do with more men of Mr. Owen's calibre.

Watching a Man Die.

For over seven hours the keepers of Anne's Well Gardens, Hove, watched a man die. They thought he was drunk, and their lack of decision had the consequence that when at last the man was taken to hospital it was too late to save his life. They want waking up.

The Lucky Trades.

The annual report of Mr. Gerald Bellhouse, H.M. Inspector of Factories and Workshops, has its cheering side. The building and necessary trades are busy. There's brisk demand for carpets, linoleum and furniture. Extraordinary prosperity reigns in the fish-curing industry. But why are bricks spoken of as hard to get? The men, the mud, and the demand are on the spot.

Punitive Piety.

When the Fleet visited Aberystwyth thousands of people visited the town on the Sunday, their only day. If the Sabbatarians had had their way, many, amongst them women and little children, must have starved. Christian tradesmen, however, opened their shops and served out food, though for doing this they were summoned—under an Act of Parliament which ought long ago to have been repealed.

Heroism and Heraldry.

The *Catholic Herald* treats its readers to two columns of "JOHN BULL's Blackguardism," all because we criticised a Littlehampton convent for its treatment of two little children. We made specific charges. The *Catholic Herald* does not answer them. Why not? Abuse is no argument. It would be braver of our contemporary to condescend to deal with facts—like medical certificates.

The Human Machine

Society's Sin

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT is strange that a nation that takes such immense care of its children should neglect the most important side of their education.

I refer to their education in sex matters that I dealt with briefly last week. We hear a great deal about the moral laxity of the modern girl and boy. How much is the responsibility theirs, and how much does it rest on those who brought them up?

To look to the State for help is to shirk the problem; all the State can do is to step in after the damage has been done and make laws to protect the victims of parental folly.

It is not only that ignorance of the basal facts of sex is bad for the growing mind of the child. That is something the child will remedy—in the wrong way—unless some one does it for him in the right way.

The most serious aspect is the wicked conspiracy of silence that makes these physiological facts a dark mystery to the young mind.

SOCIETY commits a grave crime against the child mind when it tacitly insists that sex is an evil and proceeds to whisper that it is a distinctly piquant evil.

This is the secret of the hold that pornographic novels, pictures and papers have on adolescents. To a mind forearmed with scientific knowledge such things are contemptible rubbish.

It is a responsibility no parent can evade, to see that his child is enlightened before he can come into contact with contaminating influences from outside. Otherwise, as a famous writer said, "There is no need to supply sources of pure water when there are muddy pools in the roadway at which anyone can drink."

Menace by Milk.

A serious state of affairs is revealed in Abe Hundreds of persons have been suffering poisoning by milk. Dr. J. P. Kinloch, the officer, has discovered the infected supply it off, and started exhaustive bacteri examination. There is no food more contaminated than milk and none left culpably to chance. Aberdeen's experience nation's warning.

A Hopeful Experiment.

The experiment under which, following recent strike, milk-roundsmen in Sout London are working on profit-sharing term the employers, will be watched with great in The possibilities of co-partnership in ind have never really been tested. Socialism the only road to the Co-operative Commonw

The Bulldog Grip.

That the police work surely though is proved by a recent capture. Ten mont two servant girls were locked in a cupbo Brighton by two men who ransacked the One was captured and is already doing five penal servitude. The arrest in Drury Lane, L of Edward Dixon, the other wanted ma smart bit of work. The force may b gratulated.

Subsidy Abused.

Subsidised houses which can be built are being sold at Scarborough at the gui price of £800, on the authority of Sir J Whittaker. And this at a time when ma whom the Ministry of Health intended subsidised houses should be built are livin conditions which are a blot on Scarbo reputation. In some way the plunderers be made to disgorge their profits.

Nine in a Room.

At Westminster Ada Homerston rec sentence of six months' hard labour fo She has planned larceny from girlhood. G access to good houses, she would feign illness and use her opportunities to decam valuables. Her ill-gotten gains went in b It is a pity that men can be found willing such types mothers of hordes of neglected c Homerston has seven, left with her husb Chelsea dwelling of one room.

Despicable Thieves.

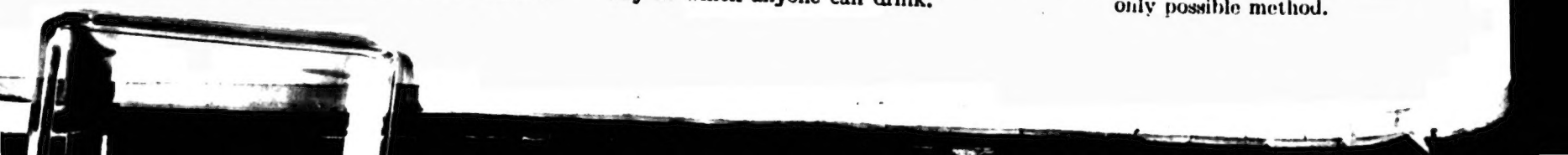
There is a particularly decadent and lo type of thief at work in London, who specia robbing women worshippers in church chapels. The thieves are believed to be f ably dressed women, and their method see to sit behind the proposed victim, disap with a bag or purse while the owner is Communion. We warn our readers to be guard, and hope that the offenders will s brought to the justice they deserve.

A Wicked Sentence.

For "secreting" her twenty-one-year-o who was recently an inmate of a mental at Epsom, Mrs. A. Gibbons, of Brixton, s going a sentence of two months' impris under the Mental Deficiency Act. What ha was that the lad ran away from the place mother, poor soul, had not the heart to s back. To commit a woman to prison in circumstances is sheer heartless brutality. is the Home Secretary going to sign the order for Mrs. Gibbons' release?

The Puzzle.

Well-born and having killed his father broken heart, Leo Burke, a youth of s whom it is impossible to certify as ins gone to Borstal for three years. So int that at the age of four he was attending a of music, Burke cannot go straight. He crime as a child. His speciality is as a woman's identity and stealing handbags churches. Burke is one of the offshoots of tion that constitute an almost insoluble p Complete segregation from society s only possible method.



Red Tape.

. C. Church, of Mitcham, finds himself nge predicament. After acting for some t as a temporary post office sorter he n examination that qualified him for a the permanent staff. He is now told too short by half an inch for the appoint- As Mr. Church was deemed tall enough to his country, we think the Post Office es owe him some sort of explanation of itude.

Shylocks.

wopence in his pocket Albert Richardson, ary War Office clerk, was found dead in nel of the Bakerloo Railway. It was t the poor fellow had fallen a victim moneylending touts who worm their way ernment offices, pester Civil servants to money, and then hold the threat of ex- ver their heads as a means of squeezing last ounce of their Shylock bond. The cries aloud for a remedy. When may t a report of that Select Committee ?

Husband.

to the sentence of the Marylebone e, Percy Lumley will enjoy six quiet n which to make up his mind to be a sband. It seems that it was this gentle- easing habit to seize his wife by the hair ving thus secured a good grip, to rain blows her head with merciless vigour. It is not that this form of sport, which is extremely in some parts of London, meets with art punishment as Mr. Hay Halkett saw ard. More's the pity.

Martyrdom.

landlady here is very kind and trusts also gives me a little food when I cannot eal." So runs an extract from a letter to her father by the Hon. Mrs. Clark- , daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. terrible plight was due to her marriage worthless rascal who, after treating his ife with the utmost cruelty, ran away her penniless. It seems that misery and not confined to "the short and simple the poor."

Crime.

George Cole, a fifty-seven-year-old eman employed by Messrs. Thomas Ltd., the well-known Holborn drapers, ged at the Mansion House with stealing eces of cloth, it was admitted that his r a full week amounted to £2 and a commission. Alderman Neal was sur- at a firm like Messrs. Wallis should pay n wages. So are we.

Supporters of the Law.

Mary Ann Williams was charged at ne police court with being drunk and y it was stated that she had had numerous nvictions, but for two years had tried very keep straight. She had been prevailed members of the Folkestone police to join ation Army, and they had bought her a nist uniform and given her every help couragement. The magistrates decided er another chance, and Mrs. Williams was y feeling that the police were what they e—friends who tried to help her, instead relentless foes they so often are.

mprisonment.

ecently protested against the decision of ding Guardians to detain forcibly over k-end "casuals" who had the misfortune up their residence in the local workhouse rdays. It is now stated that the result innovation has been to overcrowd the ard so seriously that as many as seventy have had to sleep in a room containing odation for less than half that number. now the Reading board will see the wisdom g the ward on Sunday morning. Besides, the inmates might like to attend divine to return humble thanks for their bread lly.

A Lucky Thief.

A thorough-paced rascal has been laid by the heels in the person of Thomas Swann, a bogus charity collector, who for some time past has been in the habit of touting for subscriptions to send slum children to the seaside. Not a penny received by Swann was ever used for this estimable purpose, and a police-officer told Mr. Boyd, the West London magistrate, that Swann had nicely feathered his own nest out of the gifts of kindly disposed people. For the next three months this gentleman will be a guest of his Majesty at Wormwood Scrubbs.

Fish—and Chips.

A reader asks us if it would be advisable for him to pay £127 10s. to the Victor Agency, of 325, Vauxhall Bridge Road, who are described as company promoters, prepared to underwrite thousands of pounds of capital with Lloyd's. We understand that the registered proprietor of the Victor Agency keeps a fried-fish shop at that address, and, though we know nothing against him in the apostolic avocation of trafficking in fish, we could not regard that as any guarantee of special expertness in the intricacies of company finance.

Captain Kidd Up To Date.

We recently criticised a gentleman named Captain H. L. Foster, who took a deposit of £100 from one of our readers in return for promised employment. We have now heard of other cases, and in one the enterprising captain got £300 from a young man who has now got judgment against him for its return. This reader, too, like the other, has taken the matter to the Public Prosecutor, where he received sympathetic attention, but where, alas, he was unable to do anything more than to lodge a complaint against the captain.

The Man in Dress Clothes.

If, to quote a time-honoured expression, this should meet the eye of Mr. Vincent H. Deving, of Bruce House, Kemble Street, Strand, it may remind him that he has gone off, leaving no address, and taking with him a dress suit belonging to Mr. A. Brown, 3, Paddock Grove, Boston, Lincs. Mr. Brown advertised the suit for sale. Mr. Deving took it on approval, and approved of it so much that he stuck to it without paying for it. This way of robbing advertisers is far too frequent, and the police might legitimately lay a trap for some of these rascals.

An Incorrigible Mendicant.

An old cadger, who has many aliases, amongst which are Melton Reynolds, Todd-Potts, and Douglas Carroll, has restarted his games, and the charitable public should be on its guard against him. He sends out compositions for sale and encloses a whining letter, which explains how straitened are his circumstances. His circumstances, by the way, have been straitened for many years, and he has been whining for the same length of time. He is a professional begging-letter writer.

"Worse than Insolvent."

There has been a further sequel to our exposure of the British Economy Association, Ltd. Mr. Justice Eve has made a compulsory order for its winding up, and, in doing so, he said to the creditors, "It seems to savour of something worse than an insolvent company. Your money seems to have been applied for purposes for which you did not contemplate its application." Perhaps the Public Prosecutor, so hard to move, will take some notice of this corroboration of our views by a High Court Judge.

A Plain Hint.

Mr. Arthur Tye, 30A, Grove Street, Redditch, Worcester, wants bucking up a bit. Towards the end of last year he received £14 for an invalid's tricycle from Mr. Daniel Dunlop, Fergus Hill, Kilwinning, Ayrshire. The invalid's tricycle has not yet been delivered, and Mr. Tye has been making all sorts of excuses. The last one is that he has a wife and three children to consider. He might also consider the invalid who wants the tricycle. If he doesn't promptly do so we may tell him that he is steering straight for trouble.

Problems of Life

The Heady Draught of Youth

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

HALF a lifetime ago, or thereabouts, I was one day asked to be present at a consultation with the parents of a wayward youth in his teens, who was behaving badly.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

The foolish boy had been giving hostages to fortune, so to speak. If his employer had cared to prosecute he could have been imprisoned and ruined for life. He had flung away one chance after another of embarking on a fine career; he was idle, thriftless, unconscientious, unreliable. But for the respect in which his father was held he would have had scant mercy shown him.

At home his conduct was a mixture of arrogance, shamefacedness, and sullen defiance. He was one by himself; not even his mother seemed able to awaken his better feelings.

SO far there is nothing very remarkable in this tale. There are thousands like it. The best of parents sometimes have a sorrowful experience of this kind to bear; and heaven knows how many raw unformed cubs between the ages of fifteen and twenty answer to the above description. Most of them get over it in time, as I am glad to say this young fellow did, and live to become decent members of society.

But what fixes the case so firmly in my mind is the counsel given in regard to it by an elderly relative, a wise and kind-hearted man, to whom it was submitted.

"Handcuff him," he said jocosely; "tie him up to the dog-kennel; put him in a padded room; do anything you like with him that will keep him out of his own custody till the madness of adolescence is past. Be patient; he will come all right; he does not know what is the matter with him; there is a fever in his blood which will work off by and by. Beware of making him desperate and driving him to extremes if you would save him."

The reason I set down this sage piece of advice is because I have since learned how true it is to the facts that modern psychology has revealed concerning the changes that take place in the human organism in the critical years between childhood and maturity.

MANY a poor lad goes wrong then through not being understood and forbearingly handled; and indeed most of us go through a stage of folly in those years that we blush and laugh at afterwards.

Let anxious parents take comfort and, at the same time, be wary.

This is a period when a mother can usually do less for her son than the father can, provided the father is sensible and honest enough to recall his own callow days and make due allowance for the effervescing life-force of the younger generation.

The balance can easily be tipped the wrong way.

STRANGE RODEO MYSTERY

TEXAS WALKER WALKS AWAY

Deceptive Employment Offers

ABOUT June last year a concern called Rodeo, Ltd., was formed to carry on a kind of showman's business with which the public was familiar at Wembley. Its procedure appears to have been to advertise in various papers for people who would join them and who would put up the money for a certain number of preference shares and at the same time get employment.

A reader of JOHN BULL was induced to part with £200 in this way. In return for that he got an agreement by which he was appointed superintendent of stock and fodder at a salary of £500 per annum.

A hush-hush agreement

He never had any opportunity of supervising the stock and fodder because the concern never got going. At one time there was indeed a proposal that he should go with one of the directors, Sir Zachariah Wheatley, to inspect some stock which were depasturing somewhere in the country. But so far they have not come into the arena as part of a Rodeo show.

What emerged was a good deal of correspondence that soon began to take on a disappointing tone. The appointment was made by agreement dated September 16, and in it were put two rather remarkable clauses.

Number one was that the gentleman who had parted with his money should observe strict secrecy respecting all transactions of the company and that he would not reveal any of the matters which might come to his knowledge in the discharge of his duties, except when required so to do by the board of directors or by a court of law.

It was further enacted that if the company went into liquidation, either voluntary or compulsory, the company could end its contract with its superintendent and that the superintendent should have no claim for damages or compensation of any description.

It will be seen that this was a very good agreement for the company and a very poor one for the superintendent of stock and fodder. He could provide neither stock nor fodder and had to wait until the directors chose to do so. They did not choose to do so, so the superintendent had to superintend in anticipation and by proxy at the comfortable salary of £500 a year.

Reproduction of design on note heading used by Rodeo, Ltd.

That might have been all right if he could get his salary. But he couldn't. He had parted with his money, and the only practical business result that followed was the suggestion that Sir Zachariah Wheatley would take him to look at some steers at Linstead, in Kent, and would, of course, make arrangements with him with regard to expenses.

Rodeo, Ltd., dragged on from month to month. On its notepaper there was a picture of a fierce cowboy riding a fiery mustang and waving a sombrero hat with a joyous gesture of life and force and energy. But there was not much life or force or energy displayed at the registered office, Walter House, Bedford Street, Strand.

According to the notepaper, the Director-General of all Rodeo events for the company was a gentleman named Texas Walker. The superintendent of stock and fodder is at the moment unaware of the exact whereabouts of Texas Walker, but he is under the impression that Texas Walker has walked away and is now concerning himself with the development of events on the other side of the Atlantic.

M.P.s should take action

The patient superintendent has been told that efforts were being made to get new directors and to get more capital into the concern. Much was expected from a gentleman named Sylvester, who had become a director, and who assisted as best he could from an office in Leeds.

A number of suggestions were made that employees who had entered into contracts—for the superintendent was not the only one—should agree to modify their contracts in order to encourage new people to come forward.

So far no great luck appears to have attended this development, and our superintendent is still without his money and without his employment.

This whole business of financing companies by the assistance of employees' money is a blot upon the law, and we hope that some member of Parliament will take this matter up and bring in a Bill that will stop it.

Holes for Heroes!

Pig-sty Homes of England

WE are glad to say that our campaign to protect little children who are the victims of brutality and cruelty at the hands of those who should guard and protect them is bearing fruit.

There are some cases which make one despair of ever achieving any real improvement. A man named Herbert Lock, who is a postman and lives at Balfour Street, Gateshead, was charged with his wife, Dora Lock, with having neglected their children.

Nine persons—one bed

It was an appalling business. The man was in receipt of a regular salary of £4 5s. a week, but, although he had seven children, he and his wife live in only one room and there was only one bed for this family of nine persons. One little boy, who had just come out of hospital after pneumonia, was found running about naked. Other children had whooping-cough and rickets.

The man blamed his wife, and apparently the Bench regarded her as chiefly responsible, for they sentenced her to four months' imprisonment and the husband to two months, and they made arrangements for the children to be put under proper care.

Previous tenant a sow

An even worse case came up at Chesterfield Police Court, when Sam Round and his wife Elizabeth were charged with neglecting their five children. Round and his family lived in a pig-sty which had not been considered fit for its former occupant, a sow. There was no fireplace, no chimney, ashpit, closet or drain. The smoke went out by a hole in the wall. The roof had holes in it, and after rain the floor was covered with water.

In this case the man was employed as a road-worker for the Derbyshire County Council, with a wage of something over £2 a week. Both he and his wife have been sent to prison for six weeks.

But the amazing part of this case is that the owner of the sty, a farmer named Samuel Hill, of Oaks Farm, Calow, let this dreadful place to the man Round and charged him 3s. a week rent. A still more amazing thing is that Farmer Hill occupies the position of an overseer of the poor.

We think it a pity that the magistrates in this case did not order this overseer of the poor to refund all the rent that he had charged for allowing a family to live in a pig-sty.

A peculiar overseer

It is easy to talk of the housing shortage as an excuse for making a profit out of dreadful places like this, but there is certainly something defective in the law if an overseer of the poor can do things of this kind and escape without punishment or even censure.

The Phantom Motors

Prizes that Vanished

AT last the affairs of the V Corps, the charitable cern which we exposed this journal about ten months have been investigated by the O Receiver and a report issued. report states that, although honesty is not imputed, the prom have been guilty of grave misco

We said quite definitely the our opinion, the concern was disgracefully, and that the re sible officials—Miss Dorothea shatt and Miss Dorothy Walth should be made to give the exhaustive account of their ac We are glad the enquiry has justified.

It will be recalled that the V Corps was set up by these wome the purpose of doing charitable amongst ex-Service men, and it was practically insolvent it special appeal under the title " Great Motor Ballot," selling t at half-a-crown.

Officials write to "John Bull"

Motor-cars were offered as p and people were led to believe the two good lady controllers placed the prize-money in a s fund. This was not true—the talked-of prize-fund never existed. But the promoters we drawing salaries and lived rent at Buckingham Palace Road, the headquarters of the Corps situated.

When the crash came, and subscribers looked for their m cars, it was estimated that ch £20,000 had disappeared in strange way — "mismanagem they called it—and the two l wrote to JOHN BULL to tell us badly the Press was dealing wit matter, and hoping we would b unsympathetic.

We took the matter up with with the result that they got, n sort of publicity they desired. publicity of quite a different cha and which they thoroughly dese

A word that is misused

Now comes the official end ment of our views. There is prize-money at all, and against amounting to over £2,000 ther assets of something like £40 nice position for the subscribers were entitled to expect that would at least be some co stipulation for the prize-money held in trust.

It is all very well for the ladies to say they did their best try to justify their lamentable insolvent state by excuses that venture was a bit too big for t

They probably did their But what guarantee is there, catastrophe can occur like this, other charity-promoters, with all good intentions in the world, will take similar risks and just disastrously exploit the sacred of charity?

n Unholy Friar

Patriarch of Windsor

E think the American people ought to be warned against the activities of a gentle- named James Bartholomew who recently arrived in New or the purpose of establishing in that country.

g as the "Patriarch of Wind- e took up his abode at the Pennsylvania, and imposed very one he came in contact He told the American people e is the founder of a new s movement which is to in- he ex-Service men of England e United States, and which n set up in memory of the o died in the great conflict.

matter of fact, this man is an r. There is no Patriarch dsor. There is no church country represented by Mr. Banks. There used to be an hment run by him in Maiden where the most extraordinary le gathered to listen to him. was ordained by an old rascal Willoughby, who was some go inhibited from the Church land.

's can leader

y's "church" was a strange hment which afterwards be- club, and Jimmy only gave it r certain enquiries had been bout him by the police. The an people might like to know nd so also might Dr. Paul Cop, of Kansas City, who a ks ago was "consecrated" by as a leader of his church.

Banks is curiously silent about portant matter. Who created patriarch? By what right is red to describe himself as some- e is not?

hink it ought to be somebody's s to make Mr. Banks answer stion, as it does not seem right at anybody can marry people lain priests at will.

Banks wears a purple chasuble, a scarlet cushion and wears . He is, of course, a crank. no special training for the he has promoted himself to, is only a few years since he farmer's boy.

for the can public

o not want his church in this , and we do not think the an people will want it in theirs. my Banks naturally has to get dy to finance him, we think an additional reason why the an public, as well as the British, be told that he is an im-

s now on his way back from n. But he anticipates another there shortly to complete his ments for the establishment cult there. We hope the an people will ask him the ns we put to him here in the interest.

WICKEDEST GANG IN LONDON

THE PAINTED BOY MENACE

Blackmail as a Profession

IN a recent issue our Special Commissioner dealt with the inner workings of one of the most dangerous gangs of ruffians who ever practised their vile schemes in this country, and we called upon the Commissioner of Police, General Sir William Horwood, to give the matter his immediate attention.

Our revelations were based upon the investigations that had been conducted by our representative in the underworld itself, over a long period. He told how hundreds of low and degenerate men are living by blackmailing unfortunate members of their own sex, whom they charge with committing horrible and loathsome offences—of which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they are innocent.

Imposing on decent people

General Horwood acted promptly. Special observation has since been kept by the police on some of the haunts we indicated. One of these is a well-known licensed lounge in the heart of the Piccadilly district.

Here, nightly, gather members of this gang of effeminate rascals, and they are there, in most cases, for the purpose of trying to scrape acquaintance with people amongst whom they hope to find victims, and whom they follow when they leave the place. After eleven, when the buffet closes, they crowd into a neighbouring restaurant, one section of which they frequent in order to be as near to one another as possible.

The management of these places cannot, of course, keep these vile and villainous male vampires from subjecting their establishment to their objectionable presence. They are to be sympathised with in their position, and we highly congratulate them upon the estimable action they took immediately after our first article appeared.

Sir William Horwood

The house detective called the waiters together and referred them to our article, saying that most of them would agree that further efforts would have to be taken to prevent criticism of this kind. They could all help to end the scandal by reporting immediately to the management any suspicious action.

The pests on the prowl

Let us take an example of the way these pests work. They hang about restaurants and public-houses making the acquaintance of strangers. A meal is proposed and the two go off to a restaurant together. The suggestion is made by the pest that he shall accompany the stranger to his hotel or to where he lives. Drinks are generally part of the procedure, and the stranger usually finds that his wallet has changed hands. If he makes a fuss he is told plainly that he will be charged with immoral conduct, the dupe goes away, very glad to get out of such company, even at the loss of his money.

A visitor from the north of England, who was recently interviewed by our Special Commissioner, and who told how he was robbed in very much the same way, reported his loss, a wallet containing a matter of £15, to the Gray's Inn Road Police Station. He was told there that this was by no means an unusual story, but that very little could be done unless somebody had the courage to seize and detain the sneak-thieves.

In a recent case, in which two notorious bullies were brought up at the Old Bailey, their records showed that they had done no honest work for years, but had been living by robbery and blackmail.

Better dressed and more presentable persons frequent popular West End music-halls. There the managements have very much the same problems to contend with as the restaurant-keepers.

One of these gangs of pests has a woman named Maisie associated with it, who acts as a decoy. She scrapes acquaintance with strangers in restaurants, and afterwards a member of the gang will approach and claim to be her husband. The victim is usually frightened in to paying.

Clean the Augean stables!

The West End police know most of the West End pests by sight and reputation. They know the haunts they frequent, and the depraved practices they follow. But they can do nothing unless the public co-operate by making complaints.

It requires great courage to do this. But the Augean stables of the West End will not be cleansed until the police get the help which they need to put an end to the disgraceful and public scandal.

A Musical Mix-Up

Sing a Song of Five Guineas

AN excellent example of how amateur song-writers can be duped is given in the story of Mrs. M. M. Holdsworth, of Wharf Road, Gillingham, Kent.

Seeing an advertisement about a year ago, she got in touch with the British Song Publishing Company, 167, Regent Street, who accepted the words of a song she had written, called "Love and Laughter." For this privilege she had to pay five guineas, and it was at first suggested she should pay it to a Mr. David Archer, then living in Milton Avenue, Archway Road, Highgate.

Trap for amateurs

Being the wife of a sailor, and having two little children, she found the task of raising the money a difficult one.

But the chance of making money with her songs—for the British Song Publishers gave her great hopes in this respect—was too much for her. She raised the money.

At this time the British Song Publishers had left their Regent Street address and taken an office in Great Marlborough Street, where a young woman interviewed Mrs. Molesworth. She regretted that Mr. David Archer was giving up the music business and going in for film work instead. "But I can give you the name of another gentleman recommended by Mr. Archer," she volunteered. "He is Mr. Guy Mathers, who lives at 44, Bridge Road, East Molesey."

Wholesale thefts

The result was that Mrs. Molesworth paid over her five guineas to Mathers, and since then has been trying to get some satisfaction for it. She cannot do so. All she has got for her money is a letter regretting that owing to the wholesale theft and forgeries of the former general manager of the company, John Elgin Godson, alias Bud Pollard, the British Song Publishers regretted that they could not carry out their part of the contract. Mrs. Holdsworth, by this time completely disillusioned, wrote to Mr. Guy Mathers at his East Molesey address, and her letter has just been returned marked "Gone away."

She is not the only victim. There are hundreds of others. As Mr. Godson is also known as Bud Pollard, and as Bud Pollard is the name of the gentleman we recently exposed for taking money from film aspirants in return for promised jobs, we certainly think that the police might do well specially to investigate this matter. It is a very grave scandal that credulous people can be robbed with impunity by rascals of the Bud Pollard type.

Wicked exploitation

This song-writing business is being much too widely exploited, and it really ought not to be beyond the power of the authorities to prove fraudulent intent in many of the cases which come to their notice.

WATCH YOUR POUND NOTES!

THE KING OF FORGERS

Master Crook Unmasked

A very amazing story lies behind the conviction last week of the rogue William Henry Harrison, who has tricked the police for many years, and who has at last been sent to jail, having been found guilty of possessing plant for the purpose of manufacturing forged notes at his rooms in Earl's Court Road.

Harrison is a very close friend of a super-criminal named Gerald Kennaway, also a rascal whom the police found it extremely difficult to catch. Both these men have made a rich living for years by all kinds of crime.

The master-mind at work

From information in our possession we are able to state that if the police want to unravel the secrets of one of the most elusive and successful swindlers of modern times they should not drop their enquiries now that Harrison has been arrested and convicted. For, influential as these men are in the underworld, there is a man behind them much more powerful.

Harrison was constantly in the company of this man, and it is well known in the haunts where the crooks go to plot their coups that at least two other men expected to be arrested in connection with the Earl's Court forgery plant discovery.

One of them, the chief of the forgers, is known to his hirelings as "The Boss." Sometimes he calls himself Captain, and has even masqueraded as a titled man. It was he who passed the forged notes into circulation, and passed them by the thousand.

This is how he did it. Kennaway and Harrison, and a score of satellites, manufactured the notes by their secret process on the instructions of the Boss. The plan of distribution was very ingenious.

The Boss had a banking account into which he paid large sums of genuine money. When he was preparing a coup he would draw out, say, a couple of thousand of pounds. These he would pass over to Harrison, who would transfer the numbers on the real notes to the dud ones with the extreme skill hepossessed.

William Henry Harrison, who has been forging notes for years

Thus thousands of notes were circulated which, though clever forgeries, it was almost impossible for even the Bank of England to discover owing to the fact that the numbers they possessed were numbers officially in circulation.

But the Boss did more than this. The moment he got a consignment of notes turned out in the way we have described he sent a man abroad to change them into French money. If the French banks made an enquiry as to the genuineness of the notes before they changed them they almost invariably got confirmation that the numbers were genuine, the reason being that the genuine notes had been held back from circulation, and had therefore not returned to the bank.

Harrison was also an expert in long-firm frauds, working on behalf of the sinister mind that directed him. Some time ago we exclusively told the story of two people named Edward King and Jack Marks who opened an office at 10, Christopher Street, E.C. Marks rented the premises and began business there as a silk merchant, being afterwards joined by King. In less than a month, by the aid of forged references, they ordered thousands of pounds' worth of goods on credit, which they sold below cost, and for which they did not pay.

Eventually both men were arrested. Marks turned out to be a rascal named John Van Kemp, who had figured in many long-firm frauds, and King turned out to be Edward Gregory, formerly a fraudulent bookmaker, afterwards a long-firm swindler who had been several times in jail for long-firm frauds. Both were sent to prison for the Christopher Street robberies.

Laughing at the authorities

This is what we said at the time. "The real swindlers are still at large, boasting of their security and laughing at the authorities. It is only their dupes who go to jail, as in the case of Edward King and Jack Marks." And we added "the police must look into the question as to who is behind these rogues."

We knew what we were saying. Harrison, the forger—as Scotland Yard now know—was the man who financed Marks and Gregory, the dupes who paid the penalty.

There is in the West End an office where "the Boss" is frequently seen. In it is one of his dupes. If the police want to get him, and thus put out of action the master-mind behind the masterly forgers, we suggest to them that they keep under observation the movements of the known associates of Harrison and Kennaway and, particularly, of Marks and Gregory.

Puff and Bluff

A Blot on Journalism

THERE are some ways of making money which do not command admiration, but which possibly succeed in remaining within the protection of the law. In the interests of decent trading we think it a duty when we find such methods being practised to say a word of criticism.

Apparently one of the most successful dodges for making money is to run a paper and pretend that it is a genuine concern, whereas really it is run for the purpose of puffing businesses and making money out of the puffs.

Tempting the trader

Journalism has now become one of the greatest powers in the country, and it is all the more desirable that it should be kept above suspicion. Papers which exist solely for the purpose of selling trade puffs ought to be regarded as outside the pale of a great and honourable profession.

One of the ways this kind of business is carried on is for a canvasser to call on a trader and tell him that a special number of a certain periodical is being brought out and that a description of the trader's business will be published in it as a matter of public interest. As a proof of *bona fides*, the trader is told that no charges will be made for the editorial write-up.

Cheaper to pay

But the trader is asked to pay for the blocks or illustrations which will be required to improve the article. He frequently consents, supposing that the cost will be a few shillings.

When he gets a bill for as many pounds as he expected to pay shillings, he may be very surprised and very indignant, but it will be pointed out to him that he has signed an agreement and that he will find it much cheaper in the long run topay.

We still advise traders, as we have advised them before, not to pay in such circumstances. We have criticised in particular a concern called "The House of Hannaford," of 11, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This concern is otherwise known as the Hannaford MacIntosh Co., Ltd., and its governing spirit is a Mr. Henry MacIntosh.

The firm runs a paper called *Town and Country*, described as a high-class review of modern progress. It is a puff journal. It worked the game we have described above on a London firm, which it sued for over £12 for illustrations to a gratis article.

Firm stand justified

The firm properly refused to pay, and the action was eventually withdrawn. This is a proof, if it were needed, that our advice to stand firm in these matters is thoroughly justified.

A Legal Fraud

Very Sharp Practice

WE keep hammering away at the scandal of the company and we have no doubt sooner or later we shall get some done to disappoint the shark plunderers, mostly with alien who are riding roughshod our whole legal system in respect.

What can be thought of the tions when things can happen this? A man named Goorvitch 13, Downs Park Road, N.E., into negotiations for the purchase tobacconist's business, which was by Marks Spegelstein and Spegelstein, his son, at 125, Clapton Road, N.E.

The bill of sale

In the course of the negotiations Goorvitch put down £50 as a deposit. A few days later he learned that two Spegelsteins had executed a bill of sale on the private furniture of house at Lower Clapton Road. This rather disturbed Goorvitch.

He was more disturbed when he found, a few days later, that the business had been sold to Messrs. Stone and Co. and formed into a company.

Goorvitch wanted his money back, and clearly he was entitled to it. As a matter of fact, he got the agreement for it, but that was not quite the same thing as getting his money back.

Now the remarkable thing about the formation of the company is that the Spegelsteins sold their business to Stone and Co. for £800. They ought, therefore, to have been in a position to pay back Goorvitch his £50.

They couldn't. Their explanation was simple and illuminating. They had sold the business, not for money but for shares, and they were not employed in the new company. The signatories to the new company were the wife of the elder Spegelstein and the wife of the younger Spegelstein, so that the two Spegelsteins were employed by their own wives. They put forward that remarkable circumstance as a reason why they could not pay the £50 they had had from Goorvitch.

The travesty of the law

Goorvitch took them into court and the two Spegelsteins have been ordered to pay by instalments or go to jail. "Here," said Judge Bray, "we have a mother who has not a penny and a daughter who, unless founding an £800 company. "Fraudulent" was the word the judge used. But it is also apparently legal—as legal as a case in which a father formed a company and took as his co-director his four-year-old son.

All this sounds like travesty. It is cold, serious fact. No wonder foreign gentlemen with the foreign Office laugh at Somerset House and its works.

Far too Friendly

okmaker and his Garden

IE time ago we had occasion o send a reminder to a book- naker called R. E. Matheson, yling, Hants. This gentleman es himself as "The Reliable nd Football Accountant" and ember of the National Sporting .

notepaper is rather smart, ts wording printed in colours. dorned at the top with the uction of a horse's head. His phic address is: "Matheson, g." and his bankers are Lloyds, msworth.

reminder was on behalf of a he had not paid. He promptly when we took the matter up. now give him more advice— write letters like the following. sent to a lady whose ac- ance he made through adver- for correspondents. It speaks lf.

y dear Miss—

"Thanks heaps for your recent r. Am enclosing a rough snapshot —am rather nicer than my photo. e some of the large photos you of, or some snapshots, or *both*. you come to me as housekeeper? up with having a "*daily woman*." an't come, do please try and find *nice*, who will come. It's lovely w and I have a nice garden and ll of flowers, etc., three minutes . Do you know any funny (?) r limericks?

"Yours cheerily,

"R. MATHESON."

. Matheson writes many letters s he will learn some funny perhaps without seeing the

Stairway of Death

E of the penalties paid by the poor in connection with the housing shortage is not at new houses cannot be got, t old ones, often dangerous suitable, are not repaired. s almost like a voice crying in derness to ask for improve- n existing houses, while there usands of toilers who can get no at all.

t is a serious matter. In the districts, in particular, people ng in cottages that are hope- nadequate in many respects— ght, cramped rooms, deficient on, and many other draw-

ne case, a narrow staircase, nd unrailed, proved a death- Mr. James Fish, a worker t 22, Houghton Road, Auden- Mrs. Fish has received from eque for £250 as her husband gistered under our JOHN BULL surance Scheme.

is some consolation to her and tisfaction to us. Incidents show how necessary it is for at once to register for this

A BARONET'S BOUNCE

A RUMMY RUM—RUNNING PLOT

Capt. Arthur in a new role

WE are being flooded with enquiries by people who have invested money in what is well-known as a rum-running venture, and who are becoming pathetically anxious to know whether there is any chance, in the immediate future, of getting their money back.

It would be unfair to hold out any hope that they will be likely to get what they seek. They took a gamble, they have lost, and our advice to them is to make the best they can of the matter.

For the present it would seem that the rum-running bubble has burst. No doubt fortunes were made out of it. But fortunes made in speculations like this rarely reach the pockets of the individual investor or the man-in-the-street.

A risk with possibilities

The campaign began with a powerful private organisation which was able to get into the market quickly, and to get out equally promptly. We can now reveal, for the first time, that one of the guiding spirits in the early part of the Rum-Row campaign, as it was known in America, was a man whose name is known all over the world.

He is Captain Arthur, the man who figured so prominently in the famous "Mr. A." case, the story of the successful lifting of an enormous amount of money from Sir Hari Singh, the millionaire Indian prince.

Captain Arthur acted for an important syndicate as Route Director, and he arranged for ships loaded with alcohol to sail from far Eastern ports to the American Coast.

Another well-known figure in the campaign was the man who is known as the "Whisky Running Baronet." For some time he appears to have done extremely well for himself and those who invested money with him.

Lt.-Col. Sir Broderick Hartwell, Bt., comes of an Essex family, of Dale Hall, Essex, and he served in the South African War, and at Gallipoli in the Great War. He is the son of a Captain in the Navy, and became Inspector-General of Constabulary in Jamaica, and it was through his friends in Jamaica that his attention was first drawn to the possibilities of rum-running. Baronetcies were first instituted by one of the Stuart Kings, and the function of a Baronet was to raise money for the Crown by paying a certain number of soldiers for a certain period of time. "The King's wants, it was said at the time, might be much relieved out of the vanities and ambitions of the gentry."

Capt. Arthur

Sir Broderick seems to have thought that money could be made out of the vanities and ambitions of the man-in-the-street. To his investors to-day, however, he has a sad story to tell.

Up to the present investors in the seventh shipment cannot find out what is being done, and one of them asks "if I can get back my money on the ground that I was informed that this was not an illegal undertaking, and that all risk had been covered by insurance."

We are sadly afraid that he will find out that the loss of the shipment was not a marine risk in any ordinary sense of the term. Half the shipment was seized by the United States Prohibition Patrol, and some of the balance was sold to pay for vessel's coal and so forth.

There is a further point. Sir Broderick himself guaranteed the return of the capital with profit in sixty days, unless the marine insurance people paid up, in which case he would transfer what he received.

What is this guarantee worth? We do not know. But Sir Broderick himself has stated that "owing to the disasters I have lost everything." The only hope therefore is that the small balance of this cargo may be turned into cash, and will be enough to meet all the subsequent expenditure, and then to pay the investors.

His friends say that Sir Broderick Hartwell was more sinned against than sinning, and that the chief of a gang of American boot-leggers managed to get control of the goods, and to sell them at a profit for himself which he showed no disposition to transfer to mere English investors.

What our representative was told

If that is so it was a risk about which we can find nothing in the baronet's optimistic circulars.

A representative of JOHN BULL a few days ago called on Sir Broderick Hartwell at his luxurious office at 1, Yeoman House, Haymarket, and asked him, on behalf of a £100 investor, if there was any hope.

The reply was that Sir Broderick was adumbrating a fresh scheme, and was writing to his creditors. He hoped this would "save the situation"—but he did not, as in his previous ventures, show either the same optimism, or the same willingness to proffer any guarantee.

A Black Betrayal

Scoundrel Evades his Responsibilities

IT is really time the police paid some adequate attention to the activities of the coloured rascals who infest the "Black Colony" that insalubrious neighbourhood which is situated around Bloomsbury, Charlotte Street and the Seven Dials.

In this part of London there live hundreds of coloured brutes who do no real work. They impose upon women, blackmail men, lure people to gambling dens, or night clubs, or peddle dope. Only a few days ago a notorious coloured man named Rich, who had several convictions, was sent to jail and ordered for deportation for dope-trafficking.

A den of darkness

This man was a frequenter of a notorious café, run by a man named James Kitten in Great White Lion Street, Seven Dials. This den, which is called the "Black Man's Café," has already been raided by the police, but is still carried on as impudently as ever.

Nightly there gather in Kitten's parlour some low-class coloured ruffians, and it is also frequented by white girls who have become lost in the lure of the Black Colony.

His white victim

A young white girl, who has asked us not to mention names, for obvious reasons, has brought to us a pitiable story. About eighteen months ago, in a restaurant, she met a young coloured man, who pursued her with his unwanted attentions. She had no wish to meet him at first, but he grew so persistent that in the end she agreed. She made the one false step of her life.

He wrote her passionate letters. He showered blandishments upon her. Then—he betrayed her. And, after that, his manner changed. He neglected her. When she tried to make him understand that it was his duty to stand by her he savagely assaulted her, for which despicable offence he was fined.

The fine does not help her very much. Nor does it help to keep her child.

The woman pays

To-day she is completely broken. She has a child to keep and bring up—a child without a name. All she gets from her black betrayer are letters crammed with insolence and impudence.

Her tragedy is intensified by the fact that the father of her child is about to go abroad, and in that way proposes to evade whatever responsibilities he may have to face in this country in regard to the upkeep of her child.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. the DUKE OF YORK, K.G.,
White Lodge, Richmond Park.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—It gives me sincere pleasure to learn that once again your camp for 400 boys, half of them from public schools and the other half from workshops, will be held at Folkestone. As in former years, you will spend a day with your guests. This practical bridging of the gulf set by circumstances between different classes of the country's young manhood is a happy augury for future industrial peace. I should be glad if your Royal Highness's excellent example was widely followed.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—In Lambeth twenty-four cases of food poisoning have occurred through the eating of tainted beef and pork. The vendor was in the habit of cooking his wares in a copper set in an open yard which was infested by flies attracted by neighbouring dust-bins. Local authorities have little jurisdiction in such matters until some such horrible exposure as that of Lambeth comes to light. The law must be amended. It is your job. See to it, for the matter is serious and brooks no delay. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord MERRIVALE,
President of the Divorce Division.

MY LORD,—I see you recently told a man and wife applying for the dissolution of their marriage, that you would not grant divorces "mechanically," and that they must be prepared with strict evidence of each other's matrimonial misdeeds. This is all very well, and sounds highly improving; but no one knows better than you that the whole practice of the Divorce Court is riddled with hypocrisy and make-believe. It would be well if you would cease to lecture suitors and make sound representation in the highest quarters so as to bring about a sensible alteration of the law.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Viscount CAVE, G.C.M.G.,
Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,—I am glad the House of Lords has given a second reading to your Married Women's Torts Bill. Maybe the average man does not know a "tort" from a turnip; but he probably considers it hard lines that if his wife throws a brickbat through the next-door neighbour's window he is liable under the present law to pay the damage. Now that the equality of the sexes is fully established, this sort of thing cannot possibly continue; and I feel sure that the House of Commons will pass your Bill without ever realising that they are taking part in a legal evolution. JOHN BULL.

To Sir EUSTACE GURNEY,
Walsingham, Norfolk.

DEAR SIR EUSTACE,—When the Walsingham District Council sought your permission to carry a drain under your land for the benefit of certain workmen's cottages in your neighbourhood, you replied that you did not see what workmen's cottages wanted with drains, and that the best thing they could do with their refuse was to scatter it over their back gardens. You may take it from me that if you go on in this way you will very soon get it "in the neck," and a good job too. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge CLUER,
Shoreditch County Court.

DEAR SIR,—In agreeing to the payment of £78 as compensation for the death of John Davies, aged sixteen, a West Ham youth, killed at his work, you said you considered the employers were paying too much. The remark was not in the best of taste. The potential value of a man is not computable in money. That employers are liable in cash is merely part of our hire-and-purchase system. In many trades, of which doubtless this was one, workpeople are liable in their lives—all they have to offer.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GUY BURNEY,
Gen. Manager, Sterling Telephone & Electric

DEAR SIR,—You were the man who first in duced the automatic telephone to this coun the first to exploit radio on a large comme way, and now, after only a dozen years in wireless world, you are retiring. Your mot "Aim high and retire early." You consid fatal for a man to go on endlessly, hopin acquire the Midas touch. So do I. Life was for enjoyment, not for greed. If the old never leave hold of the reins how shall the y learn to drive? JOHN BU

To Mrs. SARAH PALMER,
Upper Weston, Bath.

DEAR MADAM,—You are wonderful. You eighty-one descendants, on all of whom you no doubt duly impressed your favourite m "Hard work never kills." Certainly you self, keeping a laundry and doing your dai of ironing therein, will never rust out. The that you have turned the one hundredth stone of life explains why I offer you my be congratulations. May you still have many to go in your cheery old age. JOHN BU

To Lieut.-Col. Sir JONATHAN NORTH, J.P.,
Chairman, Messrs. Freeman, Hardy & Willis,

DEAR SIR,—When your employees pre you, not only with two illuminated addr and a grandfather clock, but also with a of £1,000 to establish a scholarship for t boys and girls, they reflected your own interestedness. To you is due their bonuses with its pension fund of over £130,000, savings scheme, and their Friendly So Like breeds like. Given the right heads in ind the question of unrest and dissatisfaction s itself. Indeed, it does not arise. I wish o would remember that fact. JOHN BU

To Mr. G. HERBERT STANCER,
Secretary, Cyclists' Touring Club.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the fact that the nearly 6,000,000 cyclists in Great Britain, num largely in excess of any other users of the by wheel, I agree with you that it was mons they should not be represented on the comm appointed to deal with road-traffic prob I do not, however, follow your objections a the desirability of cyclists carrying rel lights. As things are, it is potential suicid them to omit this precaution, which is sa in their own interests, and don't forget the is not taxed—yet. JOHN BU

HI! WHAT THE DICKENS DO I DO NOW?

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BERNARD BARUCH :—Take profits out of w you will assist the movement to end war befo ends us.

The whole world will stand your debtor if you sho to do it.

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P. : That 75 pe of women wage-earners are not enfranchised sh cause for serious concern.

When the 75 per cent. are seriously concerned th be enfranchised.

GENERAL FENG :—I cannot deplore too much th British adopt Christianity as their religion.

It is no less deplorable that the Chinese fail to re the precepts of Confucius.

THE PREMIER :—Agriculture, in common with industries, must exist on an economic basis.

Exactly what you, as a business man, were refuse power to ensure.

Without Fear or Favour

A BLACK MYSTERY

The Pact Peril

EVER since the War General Smuts has had the courage of his convictions, and has never ceased o denounce the misguided efforts of uropean politicians to build peace n a foundation of war.

Like ourselves he is profoundly dis-rustful of the proposed Pact. "Why ot go forward to the future," he ys, "hand in hand with the young ations of the Empire rather than with e spectres of Europe?"

These are words that Britain will isregard at her peril. We see no gn of the "spectres of Europe" eing laid, and we are altogether pposed to the lives of the British eople being put in pawn to them.

"Pact" is, perhaps, a prettier name an "military alliance," but in practice e results will be the same. Where the sanity or the justice of using British lives to keep Central Europe entrenched in impossible insecurity and unworkable arrangements?

If the Pact is necessary then of what se is the League of Nations? Surely e solution lies in making the League n effective reality, when pacts and liances would become useless lumber.

Whether the Government count the mpire as of any worth we do not now. Judging by their speeches they o; judging by their acts they apparently o not.

For the inevitable result of the Pact ill be to isolate this country from the ominions, who refuse to be embroiled Continental quarrels that are none theirs.

We tell the Government once more at the people will not have this Pact. ike General Smuts they are "profoundly spicious, not only of the Pact but the policies behind the Pact."

They are not minded to disrupt the mpire at the bidding of France.

The Money's There

THE question of the French Debt seems likely to become a legend unless Mr. Churchill can spare few moments from the mess into hich his silk tax has landed him to tend to the matter.

To a country that has to balance a udget of £800,000,000 the £600,000,000 wing to us from France, and the interest n it, would be a boon and a blessing.

France says she has not got the oney. She has said so ever since the Var, and she has made not the slightest ttempt to pay her debt or even to pay e interest on it.

However successfully French poli-icians can hoodwink Mr. Churchill they annot hoodwink us. Not having the ortuous mind of the politician we are ble to look facts in the face.

And the fact we see at the moment is at France, who has pleaded poverty or six years, suddenly finds she is not o poor to find the money for a full-zed war in Morocco.

We invite Mr. Churchill to consider is rather obvious fact and then to ddress to France some very plain ords on the matter.

Coal in a Hole

WE predict that the Court of Enquiry will find the coal industry far from "ruined." The essential need is drastic reorganisation, and that should not be beyond the wit of real statesmen

NOTHING could be better at the present juncture than an enquiry—held in public—into the exact condition of the mining industry. The industrial position is so critical that we must have truth.

The coal industry, we are told, is "ruined." Frankly, we refuse to believe it.

On February 18 of this year the Secretary for Mines gave the House of Commons some figures that are staggering in their implications. The profits made by the coal-owners in the last three years were £17,500,000! Not so bad for a "ruined" industry!

Mr. Herbert Smith, President Miners' Federation

In other words, during a period of universal trade depression, the mining industry has made an average annual profit of £14,250,000 resulting in a total that cannot be equalled by any other three years in normal mining history.

In the five years before the War, including 1913, which was a "boom" year, the average annual profits were only £13,100,000.

We come to the war. In the first three years the total profits were no less than £74,800,000—nearly £25,000,000 a year—and the "profit standard" allowed by the Government when it imposed the Excess Profits Duty was the colossal figure of £22,000,000.

LET us look at the other side of the picture. To-day the membership of the Miners' Federation is 799,312. One out of every four is unemployed, two out of every four are under-employed, and two out of every three are earning less than 30s. per week!

Here is an industry that we are told is "ruined," that can make on the one hand abnormal profits and on the other hand cannot afford to pay its workers more than a starvation wage.

We have indeed reached the point when a public enquiry is needed to drag out the truth of this extraordinary *impasse*.

There can be no doubt, in face of these facts, that we are all in danger of painting the position of the coal trade too black. There does not seem to be any grounds for pessimism.

What can be done? Clearly it must be the business of the Court of Enquiry to establish the truth of the matter without fear or favour, and to propose the necessary remedies.

Clearly, too, the Government should state its determination to act on these recommendations equally without fear or favour.

The problem to our mind is to find a temporary arrangement that will enable miners and owners to carry on until science is organised to unlock the vast wealth that is locked in our coal.

SUCH temporary measures may not be to the liking of either masters or men, but if they are necessary they must be adopted.

Both the Sankey Commission and the Buckmaster Enquiry made it abundantly clear that chaotic organisation was the root of half the trouble. To-day the loss of foreign markets is added.

Science can in the end give us far more from our coal than foreign markets can do, given time, energy and good will. Brains and goodwill can give us the temporary reorganisation of the mines that is needed to carry us over the "waiting period."

It is a problem that calls for the non-Party co-operation of the best brains in the country. Given that and a real determination to achieve results we cannot see the least cause for despair.

Straight Talk

ANYTHING that throws a gleam of light on the state of trade and the causes of the depression is valuable, and the recent pronouncement of the Federation of British Industries is worth everybody's attention.

The federation confirms our contention that unnecessary wastage in industry goes on to an enormous extent.

Better organisation, standardisation of process and products, and consequent mass production are ways in which every manufacturer can bring down his costs and cheapen his product to the consumer without making inroads on his wages bill.

Even more important is the verdict of the federation on the vexed question of tariffs. The committee points out that "the increases in tariffs which have taken place since 1913 have not been an important factor in retarding the recovery of British trade."

Since tariffs are the chief way in which different countries try to give an advantage to the products of home industries, it is clear that they are not by any means so successful as their advocates would have us believe.

The only inference to be drawn is that the Government is chasing a will-o'-the-wisp by attempting to revive British trade via tariffs.

The truth about British trade is that we have the finest body of workmen in the world, capable of turning out goods of a quality that defies competition. Why do we not sell them?

First, because manufacturers are too loth to try out new ideas in production. Secondly, because this country will not "tell the world" what we have to sell nor go out after really big business.

Neither of these obstacles is insuperable. It only wants determination and the thing is done.

Unnecessary Risks

THE National Asylum Workers Union has our wholehearted support in its campaign to prevent the employment of female nurses in the male wards of asylums.

There is no need to stress the fact that we have always fought for fair play where nurses are concerned. That is why we are now taking our stand on this matter. The male wards of mental institutions do not call for ordinary nurses. The work is dangerous, and of a type that no woman should be asked to undertake.

The union suggests that the real reason for employing women is their cheapness. If there is any truth in this it is clear that by no means all lunatics are confined in asylums.

To expose women to the risks they run in these male wards on the score of "economy" is lunacy of the first rank.

We do not want to have to wait for some tragedy to occur before seeing this preposterous piece of cheeseparing swept away.

If to ensure the safety of our nurses a little "extravagance" is necessary, then we are content, for once, to be on the side of the "spendthrifts."

The Tinkers in Power

THE example of the ostrich hiding its head in the sand when danger approaches is being followed by the Government, now faced by dangers which threaten the life of the nation. The Prime Minister must drop his moral platitudes, and show that he has a real grip of the situation

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

The Prime Minister, who has shewn that he has no clear-cut policy

THERE is a lady of my acquaintance who cannot bear to discuss any of the greater matters of human life. About trivial things she can be as charming as you please; but let conversation take a serious turn and her face at once expresses pain, her lips twist in a wry smile, and she exclaims, "Oh, don't please!"

I find this same attitude of mind in numbers of people, and many newspapers, concerning the extremely serious situation which now confronts our nation. They will not look facts in the face. They have a hundred reasons for believing that there is no need to worry, and a thousand excuses for looking the other way. Pin them down to the indisputable facts of the situation, and they give you a look which implies that you are a very vulgar person, and piteously exclaim, but with a little self-complacent giggle, "Oh, don't, please!"

Some of my readers have wondered during the dast few weeks why I have concerned myself with the Government's shameful treatment of our wounded soldiers and its quite atrocious treatment of Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant.

Procrastinating tinkering

I can imagine them saying to themselves, "What are a few thousands of shabbily treated soldiers, what is one traduced and ruined public servant, even though it be a woman, compared with the vast menace of unemployment, and the increasing paralysis of our export trade, on which we depend for 80 per cent. of our food?"

My answer is this: A Government which can bilk poor soldiers who have served the country at the cost of ruined health, and a Government which can turn a deaf ear to an honourable woman's righteous demand for justice, is so demonstrably lacking in all the moral fibres of heroic life, that it is absurd to suppose it capable of grappling with the greater evil which is now overshadowing our national existence. It will dally; it will procrastinate; it will tinker; it will adminster sedatives; but, unless driven by the force of public opinion, it will never act with decisive energy, or behave with that iron courage which is the natural virtue of a man who is born good.

Drifting on to the rocks

This, believe me, is the greatest of our perils. It is for want of simple goodness, want of vision, courage and moral energy at our head, that we are drifting with every day nearer to the reefs of a grave national crisis. A Government which can seriously think that Mr. W. C. Bridgeman is the man to end the crisis in the coal trade is a Government without even a sense of humour.

It is a Government of mediocrities, and mediocrities so conscious of their inability to command circumstance or to forge a destiny that they will deny the seriousness of our situation, denounce men like Lord Inchcape and Sir Robert Horne as "alarmists" or "pessimists," and gratefully fling themselves into the arms of all those timid ones in the nation whose cure for a crisis is "Oh, don't, please!"

Mr. Baldwin refused to admit in the House of Commons that there was a deadlock in the negotiations between coal-managers and coal-miners the day before Mr. W. C. Bridgeman was appointed as a mediator!

Now, the one fact in our situation to which I would pin the reader's attention in this article is the want of moral grit in our Government. It is my firm belief that our situation cannot mend while the nation remains quiescent under its present rulers.

Sick of moral platitudes

I do not suggest that these men should be driven from office by public clamour, or that there should arise a demand for a General Election; but I do suggest that the rank-and-file of the Conservative Party, and all those who love their country, should make it known to Mr. Baldwin that they are sick to death of his moral platitudes, and desire to see more moral energy in his actions and far more courageous intelligence in his conduct of public affairs.

To explain what I mean by moral energy, let us get back to the lady who protects herself from serious thought by her cry of "Oh, don't, please!" What makes her life so feeble? Why is it she cannot bear to think of death, and is afraid to pass a churchyard by herself at night? Why is it she cannot bear to hear the great word "God" uttered in her presence, and flies from the approach of a clergyman as though she feared for her life?

The reason is plain: she has never studied her mind to confront the facts of human life; she lives as if there is no such thing as death, and no such possibility as a life after death.

There is only one way to moral strength and intellectual courage. It is to face the facts with which we have to deal, all of them, and to let no lie creep into our minds, and no false optimism into our hearts.

If Mr. Baldwin can avert his gaze from the bilked soldier in the gutter, and stop his ears to the cry of Miss Douglas-Pennant for the fair play which is every Briton's right, he can avert his gaze from the paralysed condition of our export trade and stop his ears against the cries of those who see that unemployment is destroying us.

The Prime Minister is behaving as if the things he has to do with exist only in the imagination of alarmists, and instead of seeing our condition steadily and whole he is looking at it through rose-coloured spectacles, and only at such a part of it as confirms him in his optimism.

But what are the staring facts of our situation? Ever since 1921 we have gone from one makeshift to another, from one disruptive strike to another, and from one form of political humbug to another; and all the time things have not been getting better but worse, until at the present moment there is strife in all our ways, confusion at every turn, and the rumblings of approaching storm from every quarter of the heavens.

Action, not words, needed

We want peace, reconciliation and a clear course ahead. The last thing we want in our desperate plight is industrial strife, class warfare, and black uncertainty ahead.

What is Mr. Baldwin doing to bring peace into our midst? He is talking of loyalty, and leaving the bilked soldier in the gutter. What is he doing to secure a clear course for British industry? He is talking of duty and hard work, and leaving Miss Douglas-Pennant under a cloud of shame.

It is time Mr. Baldwin showed the nation by his speeches that he knows the truth of our situation, and by his actions that he has a remedy for the ills which are depressing our British vitality.

Is Your Butc

Hanging would not be too severe a punishmeni for those who deliberately sell poisoned food

DESPITE bad trade, unemployment and crushing taxes, this nation spends more than any other on sanitary systems and health insurance to protect the masses against sickness and disease. But whilst we lay out huge sums every year to maintain the fitness and efficiency of the people, we continue, through sheer neglect of supervision and through unpardonable leniency in administering existing laws, to allow the poisoning by unprincipled profiteers or purveyors of the means by which healthy life is sustained.

A. M. Thompson.

JOHN BULL'S clean food campaign has undoubtedly done an enormous amount of good, especially in those districts and those trades most directly affected by this paper's influence and most readily subject to effective control. But our correspondents and commissioners furnish daily evidence that in more remote places the food-poisoner still pursues his sinister career with virtually assured immunity from serious punishment.

In Aberdeen, for instance, some three hundred victims were recently stricken with illness through drinking infected milk, whole families, including scores of poor little babies, being laid prostrate by sickness. At Middlesbrough a local councillor was moved to quote a report of the Medical Research Society attesting that 90 per cent. of food-poisoning cases are traceable to canned foods, and the gravity of this statement is emphasised by the evidence of one of the housewives called before the Food Commission, who declared that owing to the dearness of coal and the absence of cooking convenience in the single rooms to which thousands are confined through house shortage, workpeople in many cases never get any other meat than that imported in tins.

ANOTHER councillor at Middlesbrough stated at the same meeting, as "one of the chief causes" of tuberculosis, that horses with limbs swollen with tubercular disease are exported abroad and sent back here as food; and Dr. Burnet, addressing the South London Chemists' Association, quite accidentally lent support to this statement by declaring that many varieties of sausages sold as "delicacies" in the foreign quarters of London, and presumably imported from the Continent, contain a large percentage of horseflesh.

The Amazing Mr. Amery

DRIBBLES of Protection are leading us into a great gamble in trade policy before any clear principles have been thought out. Our existence is being staked on phrases, instead of facts

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P., Colonial Secretary, and a staunch Protectionist.

WHAT are we doing or going to do about taxes and tariffs? At present we are drifting, and drifting is not seamanship. The time has come hen Mr. Baldwin ought to tell us plainly what in his mind and where we are going. Eighteen onths ago the country turned down Protection d put Mr. Baldwin out of office. Six months o it took fright at Labour and put him in again. Since then we have had dribbles of Protection led out—on lace, on motor-cars, on silk and tificial silk, with nibbles at tariffs on steel, on perphosphates and so on. Now nothing is more ear than that you cannot have a half-and-half stem, tags of Protection and tags of Free Trade rung together. The garment of trade must be oven on one principle or the other. You cannot x the farmer's superphosphates without giving n a *quid pro quo* on what he produces.

It is important, meanwhile, to know how these xperiments are working. What are the effects?

Taxes that kill trade

Take silk and artificial silk. It is notorious that e Customs authorities are at their wits' end to roduce a workable scheme. The complications the business are bewildering, for silk and tificial silk enter into a thousand commodities, en into hempen rope, and the labour and cost getting at the amount of the tax are inconceivble. But this is only the beginning.

Let us see how it encumbers trade, and increases nproductive labour. The merchant in London nports a piece of silk from Lyons or Zurich and ays the duty on it; sells part to a wholesaler, duly amping his proportion of the duty; the wholeler sells to a retailer (more stampings) who xports it abroad. Now he has to recover the uty. He goes to the wholesaler, who passes him to the merchant. The sales and resales may ver a period of many months, even years.

It is easy to conceive the irritation, the waste of time, of labour, of money. That is one small aspect.

Take another. The taxes will kill, are already killing, our re-export trade. We have been the clearing-house for the world. The buyer from everywhere comes here to market. He can buy French goods, German goods, Austrian goods here as cheaply as in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and it saves him trouble to market in one place.

An election forecast

What is happening as the result of the silk taxes? The re-export trade is already going. The foreign buyer, confronted with all the formalities of rebates, is going direct to Lyons and Zurich for his goods. Australian buyers are about to establish a French depot.

This means that the trade that used to flow through London will cease to flow. The goods that were re-exported abroad in British ships will go from Marseilles and Hamburg in foreign ships. The insurance will be lost as well as the freights. Useful labour will be diminished.

But more Custom House clerks will be employed. That is how this experiment is working out. We should watch it closely, for Protection cannot stop at silk and lace, and the re-export trade is too important an asset to be disregarded.

That the issue may be sprung on us any day is clear from a recent utterance of Mr. Amery at Edgbaston. Mr. Amery is one of the most convinced Protectionists in the Cabinet and, though little known to the public, one of the most resolute fighters for what he wants. He said:—

"When an election comes this country will have to decide whether we will go on treating ourselves as a little island off the shores of Europe or whether we are to go ahead, independent of our foreign competitors, as a great, free, united Empire. Let us make ourselves independent of the markets of foreign countries who do not want to let our goods in, and independent at home of the competing productions of other countries, which only come in to diminish the scope of our workmen and industries."

"When an election comes." If my information is correct it will not be long, and Mr. Amery does not intend it to be long. This gives exceptional importance to what he says. It is a forecast of the issue that we may have to decide before a year is over.

Let us look at it. Mr. Amery wants the Empire to be a self-contained economic unit, neither selling to the foreigner nor receiving from him.

Reduced to absurdity

Having postulated an Empire which is an economic unit, he wants a part of that unit (this country) "independent of the competing productions of other countries"—other countries, in this connection, obviously including other parts of the self-contained economic unit, for the manufacturer here has no more advantage in being undersold by the Australian than by the Frenchman. The two proposals are irreconcilable.

But assume that the basis within the Empire is absolute Free Trade. Can Mr. Amery promise us that Australia and Canada will abolish their tariff against us? We have nothing to offer to induce them to do so, *for they have free access to our markets now* and protect their manufactures against us.

Another point. Can the Empire compensate us for the loss of world trade? Last year it took 37.8 per cent. of our exports. Can it, and will it, take the 62.2 per cent. which at present goes to foreign countries as well? Last year our exports of coal exceeded in value £70,000,000. The Empire took one-fourth. Can it take the other three-fourths?

Or turn to imports. Last year they amounted to £1,279,000,000, four-fifths food and raw material. How much of this came from the Empire? Just over one-quarter. The total exports of the Dominions and Protectorates *to all parts of the world* are £500,000,000 less than our total imports. How many generations before the difference is made up? What becomes of Lancashire while it waits for Imperial substitutes for American cotton?

And if we give the Australian and the Canadian a monopoly of our supply of food, will they give us a guarantee that trusts will not put the price against us, hold up stocks, manipulate the market? Is that not being done at this moment in regard to wool in Australia? Can it be prevented?

"Chiels that winna' ding"

As to the second proposition, excluding "competing productions of other countries" (including Dominions) how can we sell to those countries if we refuse to buy? Trade is exchange, and imports are paid for by exports. If we *shut out* imports we *shut in* exports. And as we dump on other countries twice the quantity of manufactures they dump on us, what becomes of industry if we refuse to trade with our neighbours?

Will Mr. Amery explain? We cannot go into this great gamble with our existence with sounding phrases.

a Murderer?

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

Reports from Arbroath, Southampton, Ipswich nd other places, tell of prosecutions for selling iseased meat. In the Arbroath case the meat ad actually been condemned as tubercular; ut, though the law distinctly decrees that such eat should immediately be destroyed, two utchers were somehow allowed to remove it to eir shops, and a great part of the foul and oisonous stuff had actually been sold.

THE chairman of the magistrates who heard the charge remarked, very truly, that "it was ifficult to understand the mentality of a man ho would sell bad meat for the sake of gain, nd risk not only the spread of illness, but ometimes even death among the people."

But nobody was hanged. Nobody was even nprisoned. The butchers were merely fined.

In the Ipswich case not even a fine was imposed. he sanitary inspector had found joints "full of ubercular matter," hanging in a passage together with joints of good meat. The butcher had not reported the condition of the meat to the inspector, and it was not until the latter had pronounced it unfit for human food that the dealer explained his intention of selling it for dogs and pigs.

The justices who heard the case decided in their wisdom that defendant ought to have drawn the inspector's attention to the meat and that its storage amongst healthy food was "far from satisfactory."

WITH this mild reproof the case was dismissed! But the Daniels of the Ipswich Police Court are to be thanked for teaching us a phrase which aptly describes their decision: "far from satisfactory" is just exactly as true of their decision as of the offence.

Parliament has just authorised the payment of £67,500 a year to farmers as compensation for the destruction of tuberculous cows. Medical members of the House of Commons are trying to induce the Treasury to devote large sums to the investigation of the Spahlinger and other "cures" for consumption.

At the same time the devastating disease which afflicts an enormous proportion of the country's households, and throws thousands of families into mourning every year, is monstrously encouraged by the imposition of preposterously inadequate fines or the delivery of fatuous little lectures as punishment for miscreants who, in the words of the Arbroath bailie, "risk not only the spread of illness, but sometimes even of death among the people."

A New week-end delight

is offered to the cigarette smoker by Manikins—those choice little cigars with the Mild Havana Flavour. Your work a-day cigarettes will seem more enjoyable if you smoke Manikins in your leisure hours.

There is nothing like the soothing fragrance of a good cigar, and Manikins are the equal of larger expensive cigars.

Being real cigars Manikins give you a smoking satisfaction which only a cigar *can* give; and despite their choice flavour and exquisite aroma are inexpensive.

Smoke MANIKIN

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR CIGARS

An inexpensive luxury for the leisure hour. Each outlasts 2 or 3 cigarettes and so Manikins give you *cigar* luxury at little more than *cigarette* cost.

10—1/8
15—2/6
25—4/2

The Ideal Smoke for the LEISURE HOUR

In Cartons. 5 for 10d.

In Sunshine Ward

A TAXI TOUT'S HEROISM

The Blood of a Rough Diamond

by PHILIP INMAN

[It has been said that for every comedy there is a tragedy. True it is that in every cloud there's a silver lining. In my articles week by week I shall depict scenes grave and gay. I shall describe the cloud, but I shall endeavour to trace the blue sky which lies behind. These incidents are taken from life, and founded upon my own experiences.]

A TAXI-CAB attendant—that is how he described himself—called upon me the other day. More popularly he is known as a taxi-tout. His job is to hail a cab for a waiting customer. With one hand he opens the door; with the other, which he prominently displays, he gets his living.

This man looked ill and dejected, he was unkempt and dishevelled, and seemed on the verge of collapse. Yet he had not come to the hospital for himself. He explained that he lived with his wife and five children in a block of tenements in Holborn. He had not been home for two days, but he had returned an hour ago to find his wife stretched out on the floor evidently very ill.

Mr. Philip Inman, Superintendent Charing Cross Hospital

A doctor who had been called in said that she ought to be removed to a hospital at once. "We 'aven't always 'it it together," he went on, "but now she's bad things is different like." He pleaded so hard that I promised to go back with him to see the woman.

How they lived in that hovel is a mystery. The surroundings were nauseating in the extreme. There was only one thing to be done, she ought to be in the hospital at the earliest possible moment. So I arranged for the ambulance to call for her. She was dangerously ill, but she was still alive when the husband called to see her during the evening. He reached her bed to find three doctors examining her and he waited to hear the result.

Unavailing offer

Soon he heard the fateful tidings. An operation was the only means of saving her life, but the opinion was that in the patient's present condition she was not strong enough to stand it. There was only one chance left, and that was to transfuse some fresh blood into her. To delay any longer would be dangerous and a volunteer was urgently wanted. In this moment of crisis the taxi-tout recaptured his manhood, and offered himself. "I don't know what it means," he said, "but I am ready to do anything to save 'er."

The surgeon examined him and a blood test was made, but he was found unsuitable for the purpose—his mode of living had left its marks on his physical condition. Yet he had offered himself—that is the main thing—and a wonderful smile lit up the face of his wife when he told her that he had done so. A woman doctor on the staff made up for the deficiency by giving a pint of her blood. As a result the wife was fit to be operated upon and from that moment she never looked back.

Home no home

A week later the husband, who had visited the hospital every day, asked when his "old woman" would be out. "I was never much of an 'ome bird," he said, "but yon place doesn't seem the same without 'er." It is one of the strange facts of life that so many people have to lose their loved ones before they learn to value them. Yet there was a happier fate awaiting this man.

To-day he has taken "his missus" for what she shyly described as "her second honeymoon." Discharged as cured, the doctor said she ought to have a change of air before going home. The taxi-tout scraped together sufficient to pay their railway fares and the hospital arranged for them both to be received in a convalescent home.

A brighter outlook

So the two have gone to Southend, where they are going to see the sea "the first time for twenty years." When they return the man will have the chance of changing his occupation from a taxi-cab attendant to a hotel-porter.

The Sentence of the Court

The Rant of a "Red"

A Jar for J. R.

CHARGED with an offence under the Rant Restriction Act, J. R. Campbell, of *Workers' Weekly* notoriety, refused to plead, stating that he could not acknowledge the jurisdiction of a capitalist tribunal.

"I must apologise to the jury for having to inflict upon them hot air during a heat wave," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "but cool reason and Communism are not on speaking terms. In his attempts to establish the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of Trotsky, this warrior of words relies upon rant and cant, bathos and bellow-drama, and it was in pursuance of this policy that he informed the annual conference of the Young Communists' League, at Manchester, that the British Empire is 'a vast slave plantation where millions of people are ground down in the most hopeless misery for the benefit of a handful of capitalists.'

"IF leading Communists can produce nothing more helpful than blither of this kind, the admission, made at the conference, that 'the youth movement of the Communists has not been successful in getting real contact with the great mass of the workers' is not surprising, for with the average Briton nothing fails like excess.

"When ordinary sensible workmen are told that 'in the event of war with Russia they should turn their weapons upon the British capitalist murderers' they feel that their intelligence is being butchered to make a Moscow holiday, and they promptly decide that an alleged slave plantation is infinitely to be preferred to the weed-grown garden of Communism."

* * *

The accused, who conducted his own defence, launched into a dissertation on the beauties of Bolshevism and the happy state of his Russian comrades, with incidental references to the red flag, the blue outlook, blacklegs, white livers, purple horizons and other highly coloured odds and ends. He had reached the yellow peril (his chromatic description of the control of gold by privately owned banks) when the Foreman announced that the jury had agreed to a verdict of "Guilty," on the evidence provided by Campbell himself.

"I am extremely grateful for the Foreman's intervention," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "for I am accustomed to hearing vocalists assert that 'The Campbells are Coming' and was wondering how long this particular Campbell would take in coming to the point. I gather that the prisoner's chief grudge against Providence is that he first saw the light in this country.

"Doubtless he would prefer to have been a Rooshan, a Turk or else a Prooshan, but while he remains a British subject it ill becomes him to blacken the name of the nation which permits him such remarkable freedom of screech. This matador of the *Workers' Weekly* apparently imagines that he is aiding the cause of liberty when he is merely waving a 'red rag' at a (John) Bull. Britons may be the slaves he alleges they are, but at least they are not slaves to the shoddy shibboleths which masquerade as logic in the mental wilderness of Communism.

"THE sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be deported from this slave plantation to his spiritual home among the cranks and bravs o' bonnie Neva."

1,000 Not Out!

A Proud Record

THE next issue of JOHN BULL will be our thousandth number and will be specially enlarged and packed with matter and articles of more than usual merit.

In addition, in order that our readers may share with us the satisfaction of reaching such an important anniversary we are offering no fewer than One Thousand Holiday Prizes in connection with "Bullets."

How to Cheapen Food

WE have over a million unemployed, and yet we are still content to spend millions of pounds each year with foreign countries for goods which could be produced within the Empire. The result would be that food would be cheaper and unemployment a thing of the past

by Admiral MARK KERR, C.B., M.V.O.

MILLIONS of pounds are being squandered, unemployment figures forced up, and the standard of ing forced down, by our mysterious disposition to explore and exploit all the tural resources that belong to us. In her words, there is starvation in the dst of plenty; there is adversity surnded by luxury and prosperity. It is duty to my fellow-countrymen to int out the path that leads from rvation to plenty, from adversity to osperity.

Economics is a dry subject to which e man in the street gives scant attenn, but we all understand the elementary inciple that where the traders do no siness the workers can get no work. at is the simple explanation of the esent unemployment problem: our ading has slumped. To cure the disease must remove its cause; trading must revived.

et the mpire mind

The effect of the trade slump is to throw ople out of work and also to force up e price of commodities by reason of the sened demand which is occasioned by e reduction in family income. In the volutions of the vicious circle five llion people in these isles are caught, d the amazing thing is that there is a y of escape at hand.

Much talk goes on about trade with ssia. We are told that if we will sell ods to Russia that country will sell ods to us and we shall make big profits the deal. The principle behind this is nd—it is the principle of trading—t surely trading for mutual benefit ould begin at home!

America is composed of forty-eight ates, each self-contained and yet interpendent. They inter-trade. One is an icultural State; another is industrial. the one sells its foodstuffs to the other, d buys with the proceeds machinery d manufactured articles from the other in fact, it is possible for America to live its products, raw and manufactured, d its own United States without having import goods from other countries.

Now my point is that our own Empire in an exactly similar position. Unrtunately, the public has never yet got Empire mind on the subject. We in England or Scotland or Australia, d consequently imagine that England or Scotland or Australia is the "A" and the "Z" of the Empire. As a matter of fact, England and Scotland and Australia are three of the United States of Britain. My argument is that most of our social and economic problems will be solved when we regard our Empire as an all-British continent.

An ample supply

Within the frontiers of that continent enough products, raw and manufactured, can be forthcoming to supply the wants of all the peoples of our Empire. Not only so; they can be produced and sold at much less cost than are the foreign imports. This means that the cost of living can be brought down considerably and the domestic burdens that are now frosting the hair of our housewives would be enormously reduced.

More even than this: if this country were to trade fully with its sister-States—Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, etc.—those sister-States would return the compliment. They would have more money to spend and they would spend it on English-made cutlery and china and woollen goods and boots. This would mean that the workers of Sheffield and the Potteries and Oldham would no longer be haunted by the grim ogre of unemployment.

But we do not avail ourselves of this opportunity for "inter-State" trading. We have failed to understand that the best policy is "Trade within the Empire." In consequence, we have become dependent on foreign-made goods for which we sometimes pay higher and get less return than if they had been purchased within the Empire.

A stomach argument

Wheat is a powerful argument, because it is a stomach argument. During four recent years the United Kingdom imported 353,000,000 cwts. of wheat. These dry figures simply mean that every man, woman and child from the north of Scotland to the south of England would have been starved to death had we not obtained our bread supplies from across the seas!

We could have got all these supplies from within our own Empire, but foolishly we have ignored our own harvests and have bought up the harvests of the foreigner. Of that huge quantity of imported wheat 61 per cent. came from foreign sources, while we allowed the lands of our own Empire to lie waste.

Not that our own wheat factors wanted to charge more than their foreign competitors. The reverse is the case. The average price paid to the foreigner was 20s. 5d. per cwt.; the average price paid to the suppliers within the Empire was 17s. 5d.—that is to say, the foreigner received 3s. more than our own people!

Let me put this in a different way. If, instead of importing foreign wheat at the higher price, we had bought all our wheat from our own people in Australia and Canada at the lower price—as we might have done—over £30,000,000 would have been saved in these four years.

No wonder a new grain-marketing company has recently been registered in Chicago with an authorised capital of £10,000,000. The terrible fact is that the kitchen tables of this country are in the hands of American grain speculators.

Money thrown away

We are not only out of pocket by dealing outside the Empire, we are actually throwing money away. Very little of the money which is sent across to foreign countries comes back in payment for British manufactured goods. Americans, for instance, only spend 12s. per head in the United Kingdom, whereas Australians and New Zealanders spend annually from £12 to £16 in Great Britain.

The more money we spend with the sister-States of our Empire the more they will be able to spend with us and so increase the employment market. In any one year Australia bought more British manufactured goods and produce than the whole of the United States of America. One Australian is worth twenty Americans to our stagnant industries.

I can put this aspect more clearly, perhaps, in this way: this country spent £59,240,000 in Australia and the Australians replied by spending £65,920,000 in this country, so that we made £6,680,000 on the deal. We paid £370,000,000 to foreign importers, who only spent £121,000,000 in this country, so that we were nearly £250,000,000 out of pocket.

Now for the moral. Australia sent to England more than half as much money as was spent in Great Britain by those

Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., President of the Self Supporting Empire League Committee

united foreign importers. The money Australia sent was disbursed in wages for British workmen. If the £250,000,000 which we lost to the foreigners had been spent within the Empire, *it would have provided work at the highest trade union wages for over a million workpeople in this country.*

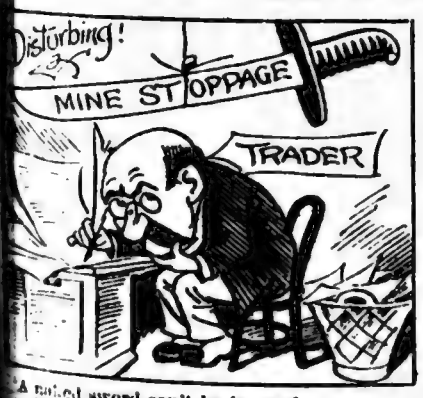
Our Empire can be self-supporting. We need not go outside the frontiers of the All-British continent for our trading operations, and in so doing the cost of living will be reduced and the unemployed army be disbanded.

Preference for Empire products

This ideal is not impracticable by any means, and already I am glad to say that I preside over the committee of the Self-Supporting Empire League, the members of which are pledged to give preference to the products of the Empire when doing their shopping so long as the price is not higher than or the quality inferior to that of the foreign product. Our offices are at Polebrook House, Golden Square, London, and I shall be delighted to welcome the support of the general public. Our principle is, to use the words of the President of the Board of Trade, "Buy British goods."

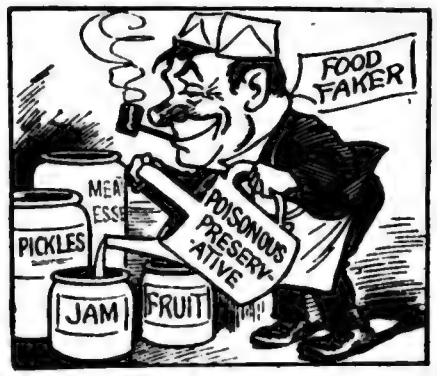
Frank Kerr

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles by FRANK HOLLAND



A naked sword can't be ignored
When hung above your head,
You almost feel the sharpened steel
Just cutting thro' the thread!

In days like these it's hard to please,
But few would want for praise
If we allowed those feeling proud
To hand themselves "bokays."



Our laws on food have been pooh-poohed,
Their terms are too elastic;
To stop this gent the punishment
Should be both sure and drastic

"The human race betrays no trace
Of monkey ancestry!"
That's what some say in U.S.A.
But we don't quite agree.

One of the many reasons for buying Libby's!

Ideal for Sandwiches

Here's a delicious change that you will appreciate—dainty sandwiches of Libby's Cooked Corned Beef. Just try them—you'll like them immensely.

Libby's Corned Beef is prepared in kitchens of spotless cleanliness and comes to you with the excess fat, bone and gristle removed, in air-tight container, which keeps it absolutely fresh.

A tin of Libby's Corned Beef is full of nutriment to the last crumb, and as there is no waste it is very economical, too.

Order a tin from your Grocer to-day.

Tomato Stuffed with Corned Beef

Remove a thin slice from the top of each tomato, take out the seeds and pulp, break apart one package of Libby's Corned Beef, add one cupful of bread crumbs, the tomato pulp and pepper. Stuff the tomatoes with this, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Government Inspected and Guaranteed free from any Preservative whatever.

Libby's

COOKED CORNED BEEF

TESTED JB

Order a tin from your Grocer to-day!

Words Winged to Women

SAVAGES IN TROUSERS

Scandal of Assaults on Children

by **MABEL HORNER**

THE Women's Co-operative Guild, sitting in Congress at Cambridge, passed a resolution urging the appointment of more women police. What finally weighed with the mothers was the fact that sex crimes against young girls and children are on the increase.

The appointment of more women police, though they are of immense service in parks and other places where girls and children are liable to need help, does not go to the root of the matter.

Mrs. Catherine Despard, sister of the late Earl of Ypres, who has expressed herself as in entire agreement with this article

Wherever there is increase of crime there is a deep-seated reason. The housing shortage, with the consequent difficulty of establishing married life on a healthy basis, is one cause of sex crime; the overcrowding, with its attendant lack of decent sleeping accommodation, is another.

We have also to take into consideration the truth that, even now with the measure of freedom that women have won, there are those who regard women as the inferior sex. There are evil men who hold girl children as of very little account; there are bad men who never take the spiritual side of life into account at all.

A friend has sent me a letter, which has just reached her from an anguished mother, unfolding one of the most terrible stories that can be imagined. The woman is married, with three bonny boys, and one little girl of eight born before her marriage. Her husband has been in the habit of victimising this child. When the affair was discovered the little one had already contracted a dreadful illness.

Of the mental and spiritual injury done to the child it is hardly possible to speak. I quote the case because of the singularly inadequate punishment this man received. All he got from the magistrates who tried his case was six months' imprisonment.

BUT mark the difference when such cases come before the assizes. At Glasgow, during the recent sessions, a middle-aged man, proved guilty of offences against his three young daughters, was sent to penal servitude for six years. At the recent Notts assizes another father, again proved guilty of similar offences against three little daughters, received a sentence of seven years' penal servitude, the judge remarking that he did not think the punishment a bit too much.

What concerns us here is the inequality of treatment in the cases of such dreadful offenders. Why is there such discrepancy? The crime in every instance is the same. While one judge gives the maximum punishment of seven years' penal servitude, a magistrates' Bench often sends a similar criminal to prison for the few months.

THE reason is that, incredible though it may sound, such a man usually has given him the power of choice. If he chooses to have summary "jurisdiction"—that is, being dealt with there and then by the magistrate—he gets off with a light sentence. Dealt with at the assizes, tried before a judge and jury, the case is dealt with in all the gravity it merits, and a longer sentence is given.

Naturally there are cases where a magistrate refuses to arbitrate, and insists upon sending the offender forward to the assizes, but there is no fixed rule. In view of the awful nature of the crime and the menacing frequency with which it is committed, the law ought to be amended. It should not be possible for an offender of this type to ask for and get "summary jurisdiction."

Automatically every such case ought to go forward to the assizes, exactly as is now done in a murder case. For child assault is murder of all that is finest and most innocent in little lives.

There is no one to whom this terrible crime of child assault comes home more closely as to the mothers. If the mothers, if women, were united to demand the amendment in the law it would certainly come about.

The Secret of Marriage

What is the Best Age?

by **LADY FLORENCE DENE**

THE question has been put to me several times, At what age should a man and woman marry? The questioner in most cases has asked because he or she was interested in the subject purely from a physiological point of view.

But there is much more to marriage than the mere physical side, and perhaps due consideration of this fact might lessen to some extent the enormous number of divorces granted yearly in this country.

By saying this, I do not intend to convey that I am against divorce. On the contrary, I am all for it, when it shall put an end to a union that is only a union in name.

BUT I do think that proper reflection on marriage *before* the great event would go a long way towards making some of our younger people happy. They are apt, in these modern days, to rush in with that vivacious spirit so characteristic of the age, forgetting that the experiment they are about to make does not end at the sixth month, but goes on and on throughout the years. They forget that they are taking a partner *for life*.

I do not think that enough consideration has been given to this point: Our girls grow up with a sort of vague understanding that some day they will be married. Our boys grow out of their teens and mate with girls in the same careless spirit.

There is, therefore, no particular age at which one should marry, though there are certain broad lines along which our growing boys and girls can travel.

From the physical side only, it is obvious that we should marry young when the blood is warm in our veins, and we are capable of believing that every thing is right with the world. But we who have travelled a little further along life's highway are apt to question the wisdom of such a step.

WE remember, for instance, that when the first bloom of youth has worn off we find interests that we did not see or seek before, and discover that the mate is only the mate of the purely physical side.

We develop along certain lines and our mate develops along other lines. We find that soon we are married to some one who has grown different, and forget that we ourselves have grown different.

So it would seem that we must wait until we are wise before we wed. But that is cold counsel for eager youth, and it has yet to be proved that marriages of the middle-aged are invariably happy.

I am inclined to think that the secret lies in a combination of factors.

GIVEN two young people, a young man of clean life who has proved that he is able to fight for his mate, and whose prospects justify him in supporting another, and a young woman who realises the tremendous responsibilities of marriage and who is physically fit, then who would stop these two from going forward, open-eyed, into the future together?

These two should mate, for they realise what it is they are going into. They are physically fit—a great point, and one that is too often overlooked—and they have shown that they can fight their way.

Too often to-day we see our Society leaders throw their young and beautiful daughters into marriages of social convenience. Young girls tied to old men is a spectacle that degrades civilisation.

And the marrying of the physically unsuited is another calamity we could avoid. I know the sentimentalists will tell me that in love no one has a right to interfere, no one can dare a union of hearts. But when that union of hearts is also a union of bodies, and when crippled and unhealthy children are to be brought into the world to suffer, then I say the sentimentalists are themselves inconsistent.

MARRIAGE is *not* something just between two people. It is between the contracting parties and the rest of the community. A happy marriage concerns every one of us; an unhappy affair affects us all.

Marriage should be entered into with a serious knowledge of the responsibilities it brings in its train, and with a profound sense of its importance not only to the individuals directly concerned, but to the country as a whole.

The two young people I have mentioned are the people who should marry. They have reached the right age—the age of love, of knowledge, of ability, of physical fitness and clean habits. They go into it with their eyes open, knowing its pitfalls but desiring its rewards. With ordinary luck—and a large slice is certainly needed—and with that sense of give-and-take they can go into the future unafraid.

It is the misfits, the December-and-May people, the physically ill, the unthinking for whom we should have fear. These unions in most cases are a grave danger to the community.

A MILLION MURDERERS!

ENORMOUS sums are spent every year on methods to ensure protection from foreign foes. Yet there is in our midst an army of murderers numbered by millions against which wholly inadequate protection is provided

***by* A. MOORE HOGARTH, F.E.S.**

EVERY time you see a common house-fly you are face to face with death. Thousands of infants die every year from these black pests, and it is an established fact that the shocking rate of infant mortality in summer time is due principally to disease-germs carried by the house-fly. These winged carriers of death are now invading every household in our land.

This insidious insect demands a greater toll on the nation's life than all the German air-raids put together. We set the breakfast-table at the open window and immediately this black horde of murderers alights on the bread and butter and marmalade.

Even should you succeed in checking them at the meal-table, you will discover that your precaution has been forestalled by their paying a visit to the grocer and the butcher, fishmonger or confectioner.

A poisonous beverage

Milk is an excellent medium for the breeding of bacteria, and yet I have seen women drink it themselves and even hand it to children, after having removed from it on the end of a knife or spoon a dirty fly.

Last summer a case of this sort came to my notice. A woman had taken her small child to one of the tea-gardens in a London park. The foodstuff on the tables was swarming with flies and bluebottles. The baby made a meal of a sponge cake and a glass of milk, out of which the mother had actually *rescued* two flies.

Some time afterwards the little one began to ail, and the doctor said it was suffering from a natural debility due to the excessive heat. In spite of medical attention and motherly care, the baby's strength was gradually being snapped away. Death came as a relief to that infant sufferer, and its cause was traceable to the living germs of disease, by which those flies had turned that baby's beverage into a pestilent poison.

A. Moore Hogarth, F.E.S.

None of us can afford to ignore the danger of the house-fly or, as it should be called, the typhoid fly. It can carry the germs of terrible fevers and even more loathsome diseases from the stinking corners of England's slumdom and lay them in a moment upon our lips or beneath our eyelid.

Carriers of cancer

The millionaire in his Rolls-Royce is no more immune from this danger than the tramp upon the dusty country road. You may have a cut upon your face or hand, and think it nothing. A common house-fly settles upon it for less than a second. It festers and spreads. A doctor is seen and pronounces it blood-poisoning.

Cockroaches are believed to be among the insects which carry cancer, the world's greatest and most appalling modern scourge. Pantries, kitchens, shops, alfresco tea-gardens, luncheon-bars provide these loathsome pests with ideal breeding-grounds.

Burn the rubbish

The hidden menace of these and other pestilential insects is not confined to man alone, but affects cattle and domestic animals. We sweep every speck of dirt from our homes and yet we welcome with open windows and doors flying squadrons of poisoners and creeping horrors, whose business it is to pollute our food and disease our bodies.

We can add to this mob of murderers the armies of mosquitoes, gnats, the body louse and a host of vermin, all of which contribute their quota to the measure of bad health and the increase in the premature death-rate.

Children should be taught that a fly must be killed because it can bring into the world in one summer a million of its germ-spreading species. Housewives should burn all vegetable and animal rubbish and see that dust-bins have close-fitting lids, and allow no food to remain exposed. Shopkeepers who display food uncovered should be avoided for showing an absolute disregard for the public good.

All of us should realise that it is cheaper and better to kill these pests than it is to cure the evils of which they are the cause.

The Flappers' Suicide Club

The Great Pillion Peril

***by* SYDNEY A. MOSELEY**

IN the last few days I have heard from reliable eye-witnesses accounts of no fewer than twelve appalling accidents to young women who set out on joy-jaunts and met disaster and death. What else can you expect? These girls hang on precariously to the back of a motor-cycle which is speeding along at fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. Just a little swerve or an unexpected obstacle and the victim is flung off.

Three of these victims lived near my home in Essex. One, a pretty girl of twenty-one, was engaged to be married. She was taken out "just for a spin" by a friend while tea was being prepared. In less than half an hour her body was lying in the roadway, smashed and bespattered with mud and blood.

THE obstacle on this occasion was an ordinary push-bicycle which was travelling along slowly. The rider, a youth, had zigzagged in order to avoid several little puddles in the road, and the motor-cycle, just touching the bicycle, knocked the boy over and sent the girl on the pillion flying with terrific force against an iron post.

On the same day another pillion girl was flung off by the back wheels of a motor-car coming into contact with the rear of the motor-cycle as it turned the cross-roads which leads from Rayleigh into the main London Road. Her legs were broken and she was carried in a precarious condition to the local infirmary.

A third accident, which occurred on the same day, was another instance of how the slightest impact with a motor-cycle is sufficient to upset the balance of the girl on the pillion and endanger her life. A young male athlete could hardly ride with any degree of safety with such a slender hold. Yet frail, if fearless, girls are permitted to do so.

IT should be emphasised that the accidents I am particularly referring to are those which my own friends happened to witness in a few days. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of accidents happening all over the country of which the public never hears.

This must be stopped. It is stupid to talk about grandmotherly legislation. All legislation is more or less paternal or grandmotherly. Pillion riders not only harm themselves, but create pain in others—in their helpless parents and among their despairing friends.

I have made no mention of the duty to the public. Such dreadful spectacles act as a damper on the spirits of the hundreds of holiday-makers who witness them. In two of the cases a whole line of holiday-makers were held up.

I could make out a good case for the suppression of the scorching motor-cyclist, who is not only a nuisance to other traffic, but a danger to himself and to the public; but this article is a plea for the pillion girl. It so happens that in the majority of these accidents it is the pillion-girl and not the young man at the wheel who is the most hurt. In only three cases out of many known to me have the drivers suffered severely. In all the other cases the pillion-girl was either killed outright or injured for life.

Sydney A. Moseley

I am not sure that it is within the power of local authorities to deal with the matter; in any case, they would be echoing public sentiment if they prohibited pillion riding within the area under their control, and so brought matters to a point where Parliament would have to move.

WHAT is really needed, however, is a short Act of Parliament which will prohibit pillion riding in its entirety. Here is an opportunity for an enterprising member of Parliament to voice what is undoubtedly a pitiful scandal. Merely voicing matters, however, is not enough. He must see to it that energetic action is taken. The evidence is there for the asking. No public body could in the face of such evidence refuse to take grave notice of the facts.

FEET FULL OF WOE

"Feet are a curse when they ache and swell. Salzium foothaths break the spell." Salzium heals, invigorates, cools and strengthens sore tender tired feet in a jiffy. You will rejoice in your sprightly step.

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These symptoms say plainly that Uric Acid is accumulating in your blood and in your limbs. Do not neglect these warnings, for soon they will increase in severity and more painful evidence of uric acid impregnation will follow in the shape of Acute Gout, Chronic Gout, Kidney Stone, Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica, and Eczema. Save yourself from these tortures by taking heed to the warning twinges and ridding your system of harmful Uric Acid! Bishop's Varalettes will do this for you. They are a powerful and irresistible solvent and eliminant of Uric Acid, and have proved successful in thousands of cases of gout and rheumatism in every stage of development.

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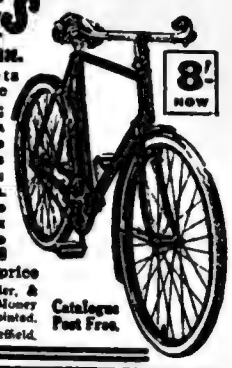

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Human Documents

The Mark of the Beast

A Wedding Predicament—Shadow of the Past—Threatening Bully

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

'I FEEL I must write to you again as you were so good in getting the National Council for Unmarried Mothers to take up my daughter's case last year.

"She was taken to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, where she gave birth to a baby girl, and she was kept there and made as comfortable as possible for a month.

"During the whole period of her pregnancy she had been very ill, and the doctor told me that I had good reason to make the man pay the utmost allowed by law, for there was no doubt whatever that her serious state of health was caused by him. Yet there seems to be many a slip 'twixt the law and justice in such cases.

"My poor girl had got into such a state that she had quite determined to take her life, and I am sure that but for your kindly advice and assistance there would have been a terrible tragedy in the family.

"HOWEVER, after the baby was born my daughter recovered her spirits somewhat, and although everything had been arranged for the little one's adoption, when I visited my poor girl in hospital she looked up at me with tears in her eyes and said, 'Mother, I can't part with her—I can't!'

"What could I say? Although I have a helpless husband and am dependent upon my boys I took the baby home and we have learnt to love it in spite of the terrible circumstances surrounding its birth.

"The N.C.U.M. took the case to court, but owing to lack of corroborative evidence it was impossible to obtain an order against the man who made my poor girl a martyr to his passion.

"Now a dreadful thing is becoming apparent. The innocent babe is becoming horribly like my daughter's seducer in features. It is almost as though it bore the mark of the beast. Only yesterday I found my daughter crying, and she sobbed out, 'Oh, mother, she is growing so like that awful man!'

"Is there no means of taking the case to another court where this resemblance which is such a distressing reminder to my daughter of her pitiable position, could be used as evidence of parentage? It seems disgraceful that the father should deny responsibility in the face of such living testimony.'

"Humanist" says: *You and your daughter have my heartfelt sympathy, but I am afraid such evidence is inadmissible, and the case cannot be reopened. The only thing you can do is to confront your daughter's seducer with the living witness and hope that it may prevail upon his better nature and induce him to admit paternity.*

"YOUR replies to readers' problems are so practical and full of common sense that I venture to hope that you may be able to find a way out of the difficulty in which I am placed.

Too Much Mother-in-law

"My fiancé and I are both only children with widowed mothers. My father died only last year. Before that distressing event happened we had contemplated getting married this summer, but now I am faced with the problem of providing for my mother's future.

"It has been an understood thing that my fiancé's mother should make her home with us, and the only way out of the difficulty that I can see is for my mother to live with us also.

"I know, of course, that this would not be an ideal arrangement, and I cannot help feeling that my fiancé is rather dubious regarding the prospect of married life with both mothers living with us. He tacitly agrees that it would not be right for me to leave my mother in loneliness, but he suggests no alternative, and in consequence our marriage is automatically postponed.

"I am not feeling very happy about the situation, for I cannot see that my mother's plight will be any better even if we postpone our wedding for a year or two. She has a small income, which makes her independent, but she cannot face the prospect of living alone.

"Can you suggest anything?"

"Humanist" says: *I think the well-intentioned but misguided interference of two mothers-in-law would be too much for any young married couple's happiness. As your mothers have independent means, why should they not live together apart from you, when they could console each other and criticise you to their hearts' content without causing trouble?*

"MY husband and I are anxious to do our best for our children to fit them to earn their own living, but, being heavily rented and rated, there is little margin for education after paying our way, and they attend the village school.

Village Schooling

"This is splendidly equipped, and has three teachers for about sixty children, but I am sorry to say there is no discipline whatever, and the children seem to do as they like.

"They frequently pass our house on their way to school twenty minutes late, and often they have three-quarters of an hour for playtime. When in school little real work is done. The elder ones are set to mark the work of the young ones, others are given books to read or told to do the best they can with their sums. It seems to be simply a question of the master getting through the day somehow, and so long as the children don't worry him nothing else matters.

"What can we do? My husband has been told that if we complain no good will come of it, as the vicar finds the schoolmaster useful as organist and choirmaster and will take his part. Every parent has the same complaint, but none cares to go to the managers, not liking the responsibility of turning the master out of his job.

"Meanwhile the children are losing the most valuable time of their lives and learning careless, undisciplined habits. Do you not think something should be done about it?"

"Humanist" says:—*Your duty is to your children, and I do not think you are called upon to consider the comfort of the schoolmaster. Lay the matter before the managers, and if there is no improvement report it direct to the Board of Education.*

"AT the outbreak of war I was keeping company with a young man who joined the Navy. We were very much attached to each other, and after he had gone we corresponded regularly for over a year. Then I wrote several letters and received no reply.

Haunted by Memory

"I later became engaged to a sympathetic young man whom I eventually married. A few weeks after we were wed my husband joined up, and after he had gone I had the shock of my life. My former lover came and sought me out. He had been badly wounded and had been in hospital for many months.

"He was heartbroken to find I had married, but we parted friends. Eventually he married a war widow and I have since heard that he is very unhappy.

"I feel sorry for him, but my own trouble seems worse. I have a good husband and two children, but my thoughts keep wandering to my first love.

"It seems disloyal to my husband to keep thinking of another man, but I realise now how much I love him."

"Humanist" says: *You must exert your will power and put this man out of your mind. You must look upon him as dead, just as you did when you married.*

Married in Secret

"I was secretly married at a registry two years ago, but my wife and I have not lived together, and our people still regard us as an engaged couple. They are pressing forward arrangements for the wedding. Can we go through the ceremony without disclosing the fact that we are already man and wife?"

"Humanist" says:—*No. If you subscribe yourselves as single you will be liable to punishment for perjury. Why not tell your parents you are already wed, and get the minister to read the marriage service over you by way of blessing?*

A Black Bully

"Some time ago I made the acquaintance of a black man on the stage who borrowed money from me, and now he threatens to use a razor on me when I ask him to pay it back. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*Report this black bully's threats to the police, and they will protect you and see that he is brought to justice.*

A Pilgrimage of Pain

"My mother's life is one long agony owing to a rheumatic affection. Lately she has become obsessed with the idea of undertaking a pilgrimage to Lourdes, where so many miracles are said to occur. She badly needs a holiday, and it seems that can do no harm to gratify her wish."

"Humanist" says:—*Cures reported from Lourdes appear to depend so much upon the patients' faith. If your mother is able to travel the change of air and scene might prove beneficial.*

A Defaulting Treasurer

"I have unfortunately mixed the money of a society of which I am treasurer with my own, and I find the funds about £20 short. Can you recommend an honest moneylender? I could repay the loan by weekly instalments of £1."

"Humanist" says:—*If you go to a moneylender you will only get into worse difficulties. Confide in your committee and offer to make good the shortage by the instalments you suggest. You should not accept office as treasurer.*

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BIRD'S CUSTARD

outrivals cream and has none of its dangers. It blends perfectly with all stewed fruits. The scientific measure of its great goodness is that Bird's enriches the food-value of milk by 25%.

A SAVE-TROUBLE HINT! Prepare Bird's Custard in the morning before you go out. It will be set, cool and refreshing against your return. Then, served with stewed or tinned fruit, you have ready a most delicious dish.

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Yours respectfully,
A. WILSTEAD.

NERVOUS RESTLESSNESS

An eminent surgeon recently commented on the large number of people now suffering from nervous breakdown. The trouble is largely due to the stress of modern life. Its early stages are marked by irritability and restlessness. Insomnia often develops, then headaches, twitchings, impaired vision, and aching limbs. To overcome this state of nervous prostration, you should feed the starved nerves by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills.

Mrs. H. E. Burridge, of 80, Copnor Road, Portsmouth, states: "Last August I had a bad shock, and became subject to severe nervous attacks. I suffered from violent headaches, and lost all my appetite and vigour. Many medicines were tried without effect.

"I then read about Dr. Williams' pink pills, bought a box, and felt wonderfully better after the first few doses. I continued with the pills and my nerves grew much steadier; the headaches and depression disappeared, and now I am quite my old self again."

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The Better Lesson

Mr. A. M. Thompson talks of the improbability of a girl of sixteen being absolutely ignorant of the true facts of life. He appears to overlook the fact that even in these enlightened days there are parents who, for one reason or another, refuse to tell their children the truth about life. If parents still omit their duty in this respect, why not have the children taught at school? Knowledge of this sort, told in the right way, is far more essential than book-learning. —*M. Maitland, Kent.*

A Black List

"Dangle" does well to draw the attention of your readers to the evils existing in our cities and large towns. But the trouble is that one dare not speak of these things publicly. The late W. T. Stead tried to do something years ago, and got sent to prison for his trouble. What is wanted is a list of names of those connected with the terrible traffic. Public opinion will do the rest. The Press is powerful in other ways, why not in this?—*J. H., Bolton.*

Tea-shop Tempters

The police seem to take little or no notice of the terrible menace which is overshadowing the whole of civilisation. There is no punishment too heavy for the corrupters of our young girlhood. But the police are on the wrong track if they blame only the man in the case. Far worse are the procuresses who lure the unsuspecting girls into their toils. Girls are protected on railway stations, but not in tea-shops; it is here that girls are accosted by these harpies and dragged to disgrace and ruin.—*N. Feltham, London.*

Ignorance Not Bliss

The book referred to by Mr. A. M. Thompson is indeed "terrible," but the plight in which innocent daughters are plunged is even more so. No punishment is too severe for those who exploit the weaknesses of women, but the finger of responsibility lays heavily upon us all. A half-hour spent in earnest conversation between mother and daughter on the vital matters pertaining to their sex would go far towards minimising the many disasters which befall the child of innocence.—*Mrs. Kay, London, N.W.*

Safety First

Mr. A. M. Thompson's article on the white-slave traffic is calculated to inspire dread in the heart of every mother whose daughter is "up-to-date." Even the most careful sex-teaching cannot avail against the methods of procuration which are described in the article. Evidently the only method is for girls to "play safe" and regard any stranger who addresses them without an introduction as a possible source of danger.—*Safety, Preston.*

Dining-room Traps

I would like to emphasise Mr. A. M. Thompson's warning by directing attention to a particular kind of trap. I refer to the private dining-rooms of certain restaurants in London and provincial cities. Innocent girls go to these, knowing nothing of their real character. They succumb to unaccustomed alcohol, and in a helpless state are taken away in cabs. I have seen the thing happen, and it was nearly my own fate once, but for the intervention of a friend who happened to pass as I was being hurried in a dazed condition to a waiting taxi. What a chance for the women police.—*M. A., Maida Vale.*

A Judge's Advice

"Dangle" is right when he says that many girls drift into prostitution through ignorance. Mr. Justice Roche, in opening the last Lincoln Assizes, touched on the same point. He suggested that if mothers were either unable or unwilling to give their daughters the necessary guidance, then voluntary agencies should take it upon themselves to do so. Cannot the Board of Education take some steps in this terrible matter?—*M. M. J., Yorks.*

Willing Curates

The Bishops are deploring the lack of suitable candidates for the ministry, yet there are hundreds of young, intellectual, Christian men, debarred solely because they cannot afford to take the degree. Is a classical education absolutely necessary for the efficient dispensation of Christianity? The scholastic standard could be lowered, without impairing the moral or spiritual tone.—*M. P., Leeds.*

Postage on Insurance Cards

Regarding the tremendous profits made by insurance companies, may I draw attention to the fact that no stamped envelope is sent to the insured person for the return of the stamped card? Although it may seem trivial, it rankles in the minds of those who are paying the insurance against their wishes, and, further, there are a good many who have to provide the postage who can hardly spare the three-halfpence, little though it seems.—*Anti-N.H., Southsea.*

A Bitter Sting

The fact that no fewer than three Prime Ministers have acquitted Miss Douglas-Pennant of the shameful charges made against her cannot fail to arouse the sympathy of the British public. I, for one, feel bound to express this sympathy, hoping thereby to lessen, however slightly, the bitter sting of flagrant injustice from which she has so wrongfully suffered.—*Humble Bee, Cumberland.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY NEWS" (Serial):—"His thin lips were set in a hard, cruel line BENEATH his neatly trimmed beard."

"SURREY ADVERTISER":—"The BRIDEGROOM was attired in a pretty dress of ivory charmeuse."

"UNION JACK":—"I've seen a circle like this before—the snake with its HEAD IN ITS MOUTH."

"SPORTS BUDGET":—"She ROSE, to find herself LYING ON THE GROUND."

"EVENING EXPRESS":—"As the bill stood, he said, the contributions would become due NEXT January, and he wanted them to be POSTPONED UNTIL JANUARY, 1921."

"EVENING TIMES & ECHO" (Advert.):—"For Sale, NAVY BLUE linen FAWN Pram; splendid condition."

"ADVENTURE":—"In the opening showed the outline of the figure of a man, who advanced into the lighted place with a PAIR of revolvers GRIPPED IN EITHER FIST."

The Silver Lining

After having existed the past eleven years under a cloud of demoralising depression, it is indeed refreshing to read Mr. Gardiner's article. We have allowed ourselves to become despondent simply because we are content to go on growling and grunting about something which does not exist, or at least can be made infinitely better, if tackled in the right spirit.—*Ernest Pitt, Portsmouth.*

More Profiteering

Fears of a stoppage is given as an excuse for putting up the price of coal 2s. and 3s. per ton in the Staffordshire district. Why the extra cost? It is profiteering in its vilest form. It is time the Government put a stop to such things, or is it that too many of our M.P.'s have interests in the mining industry?—*H. Hepworth, Bradford.*

Greed Uncurbed

While the greed of landowners and monopolists is allowed to remain uncurbed, and we are prevented from working and producing, Britain will never prosper. Every thoughtful person who reads of the closing down of one big industrial concern after another must tremble for our future. We have the men with brains capable of showing a way of escape from present conditions, but they are ignored.—*L. R. O., Oldham.*

Workers at a Premium

We have now paid out in dole money £224,000,000—money for idleness. Yet in all parts of the country bricklayers, plumbers, joiners and workmen of the building trades are at a premium. The colonies want this class of workman in their thousands. Isn't the Government strong enough to quieten the building trades unions on the question of a training scheme for unemployed men of less fortunate trades?—*M. M. J., Yorkshire.*

Silly Hoaxes

The motor-car number hoax raises a big question in connection with competitions. Undoubtedly competitions rightly organised provide wholesome amusement and some ingenuity. But some of them ought to be stopped. In this city one can hardly move from a tramcar but youngsters pester for used tickets. They imagine they can win some sort of a prize by getting a huge collection.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Stick to the O'd Country

Dr. Campbell's article is true. The United States are gaining some of our finest craftsmen. I would advise young men before emigrating to visit our old churches and castles. Compare their timbers and stonework with American steel-girders and concrete. If the workmanship of our forefathers has no appeal for him, remember it was for this England that our own elder brothers fought and died.—*Ernest Swift, Yorks.*

The Army Suicide Scandal

I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that, after careful inquiry, they are convinced that there is no ground whatever (1) for the statement that in the 2nd Battalion, The [illegible] "suicides and attempts at suicide have become almost routine incidents in the last six months"; or (2) for the allegation that "bullying" goes on in this regiment. There has been only one case of suicide and one case of attempted suicide in the regiment during the past six months. —*A. J. Creedy, The War Office.*

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Sound and Wireless

by Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association

AS I have often said, a boy with a little wire, a piece of sugar and a needle could probably pick up some kind of wireless signal. The signals obtained from crystal rectification alone, the common or garden crystal set, are better than any others. We too often hear the comment, "My set has six valves and can be heard all over the house." Anybody can make a noise and very few can obtain real, pure music.

Few people seem to realise how very mechanical is the cause of sound. Sound is produced by alternate compression and rarefaction of waves of air in a regular manner. With noise the cause is just the same, but the waves are irregular.

It is fairly obvious that any kind of electrical apparatus, be it a valve or a simple transformer, will result in what is known as electrical distortion owing to the natural characteristics of the metal used and of the working details depending upon method of construction. This is music distortion due to, shall I say, particles of ether or the electrons being "knocked about" by our machinery.

Do not blame 2LO next time your loud-speaker is harsh. Listen on a 3s. 6d. crystal set and you will see that their "juice" is good, and that it is you who so often mangle it.

VERY often loud-speakers can be improved by wrapping them round with rubber insulating tape, and the shape of a particular gooseneck is often a matter of great importance and the result of long experimenting. One of the best horns for use in a small room is made up of ordinary cardboard wrapped with sticky tape, but unfortunately it does not give very much noise when we want to drown the shuffling of feet at a dance.

Sound travels at only 1,100 ft. per second, whereas the wireless wave travels at the speed of light. Our ears, let us remember, are very delicate instruments. They are capable of hearing the movement of a telephone diaphragm, less than one million times the thickness of a piece of cigarette paper.

In many little ways it is possible to improve reception. We all know how irritating it is when we cannot quite hear a long-distance call, and this we can often remedy by the use of rubber ear-pads.

IF sound is photographed by means of a delicate diaphragm, thinner than the average soap bubble, it is possible to find out that transmitted sounds are often nothing like the original.

Think of the ordinary loud-speaker diaphragm and its heavy moving parts, and realise how almost impossible it is for it to move in accordance with the wishes of the most delicate electric current and the most delicate sound waves which make all the difference between good and bad music.

If only by the results of hard work by all listeners-in we could solve the problem of pure loud-speaker music, wireless would soon be installed like gas and water into every home.

The Crystal with Valve Power

NEUTRON

Acclaimed by every British Radio user as by far the best Crystal on the market to-day.

Purity and tone unequalled.

Neutron always was and still is justly termed The World's Greatest Radio Crystal. **1/6**

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Lillian Av., Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Concert Tested and Guaranteed

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For a short time longer you can obtain these wonderful new Valves at a reduced price as below:

"Popular Wireless" says:
"We have rarely discovered such all-round capability in valves categorised as 'all purposes.'"

THIS WILL ALSO BE YOUR OPINION.

Type G.P. 4 volts, 0.6 amps. .. **7/6**
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Type DE2 1.8-2 volts, 0.25 amps. **12/-**
Sample price **9/-**

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10, Rangoon Street, London, E.C.3.
'Phone: Royal 4300. 'Grams: "Radiocity, London."

THE IDEAL COMBINATION.

EDISWAN
POWER VALVES
and
"DULCIVOX" LOUD SPEAKERS

Ideal and Distortionless Reproduction.

Obtainable Everywhere.

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The Amazing Success of our Great Summer Sale has surpassed our wildest expectations. The public demand for the SARTOR RAINCOAT at the Bargain Price has increased by leaps and bounds every day and shows no sign of diminishing. In these circumstances we have decided to postpone the closing date. WRITE NOW AND SECURE THE FAMOUS

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REDUCED PRICE DURING GREAT SALE. From **18/6** CARR. PAID IN BRITISH ISLES

This is the most wonderful Raincoat Bargain that has ever been offered to the public. It is made by a firm of manufacturers who are famous as Raincoat experts throughout the World.

SEND NO MONEY. Send a postcard with your name and address to us at the address below—and DO IT NOW. In return we will forward you FREE PATTERNS, STYLE BOOK, A SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.

BOTH THIS.—The genuine SARTOR RAINCOAT is the finest and most useful garment of its kind in the World. It is made from fully-proofed Gabardine with smart check lining, and is tailored by experts.

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Every Coat sold by us carries our Guarantee Money returned in full if not thoroughly satisfied

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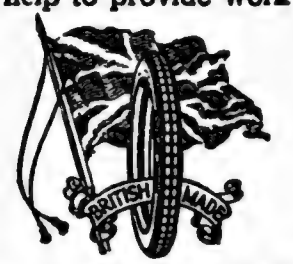

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1,000-1 to 50,000-1 Doubles.
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1/3rd ODDS FOR A PLACE on ALL future events.

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250, Hope Street, GLASGOW.

"News" which Puzzles Punters

Farcical Forecasts—The Budget and the Dole—Glorious Goodwood—Jockeys' Bad Runs—Germany on the Grab—Class Will Tell

I THINK it is about time there was an end to the farcical lists of runners and riders served up to the racing public by the "noon" editions of several of the daily papers.

Amazing Feats for Lane and Walsh

Not content with showing Harry Beasley as riding at Bath and Newmarket on the same day last week this comic "information" had Lane riding two horses in the same race at Bath, and Walsh was down to accomplish a similar equestrian feat at Newmarket. This would have puzzled Archer.

Cracks in a Race for Apprentices

The same noon edition was responsible last back-end for putting up most of the crack jockeys in a race for apprentice riders only!

Of course there was no excuse for this, but when jockeys are shown at two meetings the system which makes it possible for owners and trainers to hoodwink the racing public by furnishing false details of engagements is partly to blame.

The French Way

In France they can publish the night before an amazingly accurate list of runners and riders. Why not here?

False Betting Forecasts

In a recent issue the *Sporting Life and Sportsman* had a few caustic remarks to make concerning the false betting forecasts in the morning and noon editions, with which I am thoroughly in agreement. Instead of acting as a guide to the small punter they are often a curse. The man who has a shilling or two to lay out generally fights shy of his fancy if it is quoted at 5 to 4 or evens. Nothing is more annoying than to see the horse come romping home at 10 to 1 or longer odds. I could quote dozens of instances where the forecasts have been hopelessly at sea.

The Budget and the Dole

I noticed that The Budget, one of Basil Jarvis' youngsters, did not make his first appearance of the season at Newmarket, as expected, owing to a temporary set-back—non-political, of course. He went lame in a rough gallop. The Dole came out again and figured among the "also rans."

Don't be Caught

Some of the noisy tipsters are shrieking that the latest French importation, Vadrouilleur, is a wonder-horse. His race at Newmarket was nothing to write home about. He is just a very moderate selling-plater, and while he may win races in his class, the class is a very low one indeed. So don't be tricked into thinking the horse worth backing in good company.

The Big Back-end Double

I have been bombarded with inquiries for doubles for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. As so far there are only the probable entries it is worse than plunging a needle into a haystack. Here are three, any one of which may pull off the million to one chance:—

Cesarewitch.	Cambridgeshire.
SANTORB	ZAMBO
SANTORB	ZIONIST
SANTORB	POLYPHONTES

The Fillies' Time

With the approach of the autumn fillies will begin to have a large say in the finishes. Prompt and Perhaps So are two I recommend as worth following. Also at this time of the year it pays to follow winners who pick up a small penalty.

Glorious Goodwood

Glorious Goodwood is one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year. It becomes doubly glorious if one can spot the winner of the Stewards' Cup. I have just seen the weights for the big sprint, and one could easily select half a dozen and not find the winner. I am sticking to my guns with Phalaros, and hope that "Lucky" Lambton will pull us through. Phalaros is a half-brother to Manna, and there are no doubts about his stamina. If any unforescen mishap should overtake him risk a little each way on the 13,500-guineas horse, Oojah. He is very speedy.

'Lucky' Lambton, who may win the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood

Santorb's Next Win?

If Santorb is allowed to take part in the Goodwood Stakes I think he will win. He was a triton among minnows on Gold Cup Day at Ascot, and a number of my friends backed him on looks alone.

MY DAILY NAPS

Wednesday	**MERMAID**
Thursday	**JACQUOT**
Friday	**PHAROS**
Saturday	**VINDICTIVE**

ALSO RAN—

I laid the odds of six-to-four
Upon a horse called "Lucky Man,"
But what the horse was I was not,
My fancy was an "also ran."
I laid the odds of nine-to-two
Upon a horse called "Flighty Nan,"
They said it was a cast-iron cert,
It wasn't—just an "also ran."
I backed a horse at ten-to-one,
It won, but fortune raised a ban,
For when I went to draw my dough
The bookie was an "also ran."

Jockeys' Bad Runs

Does it pay to follow the mounts of a jockey? Some weeks ago I said no, with the proviso of Frank Dempsey, the Australian. Unfortunately, Dempsey rewarded me by breaking a leg in the course of a race. He is well again and may be riding at Goodwood. Most of the official famous riders would have crippled your banking account if you had followed them consistently, owing to that run of bad luck which every jockey, and also every Turf prophet, faces some time or another. 1925 has blotted many a copy-book.

Aldford Broke all Records

Young Aldford, the promising light-weight, eclipsed all records by riding eighty-one consecutive losers. A Burns' losing sequence was sixty-one. He must have been very glad to get Star of Gold home first. Smirke had a bad run of over forty, and Elliott, the champion jockey, was close on his heels at the same time. Steve's worst spell this season has been twenty-four, but when he broke it he did it with a vengeance by performing the hat-trick at Brighton.

Germany on the Grab

Germany means to play a bigger part in racing from now onward. Lavish purchases are being made in France to strengthen the breed of German horses, and now they are out after crack jockeys. Frank O'Neill is likely to leave France to ride in Germany for the powerful Weil stable, and were it not for the ban put by our Jockey Club on relations with the Fatherland the Germans would be after our riders and horses too.

Class Will Tell

Alec Taylor looks like heading the list of leading trainers once more. The last figures I saw showed him at the head of the table with twenty-five wins which netted £40,000 in stake-money. Vasey, the excellent Malton trainer, was two races ahead, but his twenty-seven firsts had only pocketed just on £6,000. You can't beat the Saucy Sues.

The Runner Up

Eastern Monarch each way seems to be a fairly safe bet. His record this season is five seconds; twice unplaced.

Paying Out on Dead-heats

On an average I answer about a hundred racing queries every week. One point which seems to puzzle a number of readers, is the settlement of a dead-heat wager. Why, I don't know, as it is not complicated. If you have 10s. to win on Zambo, say, at 10 to 1, and he dead-heats, the bookmaker takes half your stake and pays you 10 to 1 on the second half of your bet—*i.e.*, 50s. As you have already lost 5s. the wager would win £2 5s. The same ruling applies to place bets. The layer is enfitled to half stakes and pays out one fourth the odds on the other half.

Watch Devonshire.

Devonshire, purchased by Mrs. Benson for 610 guineas last season, has not yet won a race for his new owner. The horse has four successive seconds and one third to his name, but he will be altering this "two" to a "one" shortly.

"SILVER RING."

HORSES TO FOLLOW

VALDORE.—Basil Jarvis' four-year-old, who did my code followers a good turn when he won the Beaufort Stakes at 9 to 2, is one to follow every time he runs. This was his fourth win this season.

HIMERA.—I thought this youngster was unlucky when she dead-heated with Sun-Yat-Sen. She was backed heavily in spite of the wonderful stories of Cottrill's best two-year-old. Himera will win money for her followers.

MELIBEUS.—If this gelding by Chaucer is kept to selling-races he is certain to score. He is a cut above this kind of race.

ROMAN MAID.—This is a very nice Tetrarch filly who cost 3,000 guineas as a yearling. I saw her first appearance at Lingfield and but for running green she would have beaten Seafire. Put her name in your note-book.

FAWN WAY.—A big job succeeded when Fawn Way beat Branxholme and a big field at Lingfield. The "blower" agent took 500 to 100 twice. The form has worked out well, as Branxholme won easily a few days later at Bath, and Fawn Way repeated his easy win. I think Fawn Way can be marked down for another race or two.

Read
"FROM COURSE & PADDOCK"
in
The Sporting Life
and Sportsman
Ten Consecutive Winners.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Sunday Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

A 2 K E I V O 3 M L C S P D

Y H W J G X F U T R Q N Z B

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.

Z2YRYLFN would read PHALAROS.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from July 22 to July 28.

ESTABLISHED 28 YEARS.

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RACING.

NO LIMIT. WIN AND PLACE.
¼ Odds a Place. 5, 6 or 7 Runners
WEEKLY ACS. SYSTEMS,
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Daily Lists on all Important Events.

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WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

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UNBEATABLE
STARTING PRICE TERMS
FOR
STEWARDS' CUP,
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You can post on the day of the race if your Letter Commission (registered or ordinary) is Time Post Marked up to the set Time of the Race. You will receive

Winnings by Return of Post!

NO LIMIT. NO LIMIT.

First Favourite Doubles and Trebles.
Place Doubles and Trebles accepted.
No Restrictions of any kind.

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Double Events from 500 to 1 to 20,000 to 1.

£1,000 FOR NOTHING.
Send for particulars.

FREE!! Colour prints of all principal Owners' colours and special prints of famous races. Mention this paper with your application.

For Credit Account apply to—
DAVID COPE, IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4.

J. McLauchlan
11, Duke Street, Edinburgh.

LETTERS! LETTERS! LETTERS!
ALL POSTAGE PAID.
EVERY LETTER ANSWERED

1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 20/- up to £10 as desirable as larger bets.

CONCESSIONS TO BACKERS.

Favourites for Doubles and Trebles.
Place Doubles and Trebles.
No Restrictions.
Any to Come or Cross Bets.
All Systematic Commissions for 1st Favourites. "Sporting Chronicle" returns will rule the settling.
You are on if Postmarked before Race.

You can receive your winnings on the day of the race, wired to you at my expense by request, if you win over £5.

TARTAN BOOK ON APPLICATION.

All Monies Returned First Post after Result.

Business people can open Credit Accounts without references.

SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS
(No References Required).

Prospective Clients unable to give usual reference may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.

NO LONDON ADDRESS.
No Representatives Anywhere.

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Those desiring free information (in plain cover) about Venereal Diseases should apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council (Incorporated), Dept. P, Carteret House, 1, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1, and his advice will be available, free, at this address, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Write for Five useful Booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the set. Six useful Booklets for Girls, 1s. 4d. the set. Seven useful Booklets for Young Men, 1s. 5d the set, all post free in plain cover.

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Assorted Chocolates

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Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
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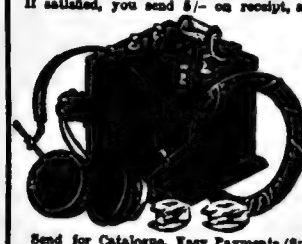
Thousands of Customers declare these Sets and Headphones the greatest Wireless Bargains ever offered. Set complete, as shown, sent on receipt of P.O. for 2/-. If satisfied, you send 5/- on receipt, and 8 monthly payments of 3/-, or 29/- Cash in 7 days. If 'Phones only required, send 1/- and 1/6 on receipt, and 5 monthly payments of 2/-, or 11/6 cash in 7 days.



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Yours for 5/- This small sum brings either of these two wonderful bargains into your home. The famous Vesta LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE, complete with polished cover, all accessories, book of instructions, packed in case, threaded up ready for use. Easy terms 5/- down and 5/- per month for 7½ months. Cash price £2.—OR This Stylish PRAM, with three-ply, well-upholstered body, reversible hood and well Sprung Chassis. Easy terms 5/- down and 5/- per month for 12 months. Cash price £2/17/6. Irish Orders 5/- extra. Write for Catalogue of other Models. Money refunded if not satisfied

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Complete with Accumulator, H.T. Battery, Aerial, 1 pair 4,000 ohms Headphones, and two Valves—one High Frequency and one Detector. All Royalties paid. Send to-day and enjoy broadcasting now

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SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

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John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

WHEN you are in trouble or difficulty, friends around you, if they are worthy, proffer their advice. Although given with the best intention, you feel that their counsel is not sound. It may be faulty either from a practical or a legal standpoint. Send stamped addressed envelope and our Free Advice Service will help you in difficulty of any kind, and the counsel given will be practical and can be safely followed.

G. N. (Newcastle).—"I have an idea." As many as that?

G. H. (Weston).—"I like a quiet game of cards." Whist!

B. L. (Vauxhall).—"How do you find things?" We look for them.

P. L. (York).—"Did you read my article on gas?" Yes. It was.

F. M. (Sidcup).—"Why do golfers swear?" Well, there's always an el in golf.

JESSIE (Brighton).—"My boy has lovely wavy hair." And you, I suppose, rule the waves.

L. T. (Stafford).—"Can you advise me how to become a book-keeper?" Never lend them.

N. L. (Whitehaven).—"I see 'rogue' plainly written in his face." That is a personal reflection.

G. G. (Ilford).—"Fireworks aren't so good as they were years ago." They are liable to go off.

G. H. S. (Bromwich).—"I'm a promising singer." Will you promise not to sing down our street?

T. B. (Peckham).—"Where to-day can you get a decent suit for 30s.?" Tell us! We'll buy it.

Miss N. (Norwich).—"Which is the quickest way to choke off a very ardent admirer?" Marry him.

P. R. (Kensington).—"How can one tell a great actor?" You don't have to. He'll probably tell you himself.

VERA F. (Hertford).—"I want to stop this doctor asking me to marry him." Try eating an apple a day.

J. K. (Ilfracombe).—"What can a man do when he sees innumerable lions in his path?" Sign the pledge.

MAISIE (Bacup).—"Cupid isn't as good a marksman as he used to be." He certainly makes a good many Mrs.

Mrs. D. (Brampton).—"I am pinching frightfully to get new furniture." How do you manage to elude the law?

J. S. O. (York).—"I write because intelligence has just reached me." Pray accept our very heartiest congratulations.

G. C. (Carnforth).—"I am afraid enclosed story is rather bald." It certainly doesn't contain any hair-raising incidents.

Mrs. S. (Lincoln).—"When I get excited I'm troubled with kleptomania." You must try and take things more quietly in future.

T. A. C. (Littleport).—"It shows vanity to polish boots until you can see your face in them." Or courage, according to the face.

BETA (Belfast).—"I would be married at once if I knew where to book a flat." It is usually done at the register office, we believe.

G. L. F. (Tamworth).—"There are a bewildering number of sides to every question." Readers can always find us on the right side.

BESSIE (Herne Bay).—"The vicar actually encouraged them to play kiss in the ring." Well, why shouldn't he do all in his power to promote future business?

Miss AGGIE E. (Aylesbury).—"What can a woman turned thirty do to retain her youth?" Be careful not to introduce him to any one younger and prettier.

P. W. (Bournemouth).—"What does industry want?" Peace work.

P. Y. (Askern).—"A man told me that hay fever is not catching." Atishoo of lies!

M. M. (Tarset).—"I spent a fiver on a hat for the wife." Goodness! What *was* the row about?

H. K. (Hatfield).—"Sportsmen should send all they shoot to the hospitals." Especially keepers.

S. S. (Trowse).—"Dislike is always mutual." Then we hesitate to enquire into your feelings for us.

M. B. (Chelsea).—"I caught my son cutting wood with my razor." Did you give him the strop?

G. N. (Widnes).—"I addressed the shareholders for an hour and a half." A bored meeting, of course?

W. V. (Margate).—"Both our heads popped out of the window at the same time." A neck-and-neck affair.

H. K. Y. (Paisley).—"In conclusion, I must ask you to burn this letter." Why didn't you say that at first?

LEILA (Hythe).—"If I had a fiancé like you I'd give him poison." And if you were our fiancee we'd take it.

TOOTSIE (Clapham).—"He asked me for a whole bushel of kisses." We hope you didn't put him off with a peck.

P. P. (Ealing).—"It would be rather a joke to have a baby in the house." It certainly might turn out a screaming farce.

W. N. (Brasted).—"My landlord wants to raise my rent." He's a treasure. Most landlords expect tenants to raise their own.

G. B. (Swansea).—"On what grounds do you object to the story I sent?" On any grounds within a fifty miles radius of this office.

B. L. (Glasgow).—"His trousers were at least ten years old and covered with darns." They must have been darned good trousers.

B. G. (Burnley).—"I found the business gone to pot that he sold me as a going concern." He told you it was going, but didn't mention its destination, we presume.

S. O. (Baldock).—"Is it right of a parson to assure a bride and bridegroom they have reached the end of their troubles?" Quite right, so long as he doesn't specify which end.

Seasonable Smiles

This week's *Passing Show* is a treat, I declare,
With thirty-six pages of summery fare.
Gilbert Wilkinson's cover's a thing of delight—
A holiday picture that's sunny and bright.
The other contributors follow his lead,
The wares that they offer are sunny, indeed.
A. A. Thomson, as usual, is witty and clever,
And quaint Ashley Sterne is as funny as ever.
The writers include A. G. G., M. O. Sale,
And Robert Magill, who relates an odd tale.
The artists are almost too many to name,
They include Leo Cheney and others of fame,
A. C. Barrett, George Whitelaw and Bateman,
you'll find,
And others whose work is the best of its kind.
When all the best writers and artists combine
To brighten a paper, it's certain to shine.
And *Passing Show's* pages with sunshine abound.
In no other paper is such talent found!

THE SHOWMAN.

Mrs. H. (Bristol).—"I value my husband." What at?

J. N. J. (Roath).—"He told me my feet were made to kill beetles." Rather crushing.

M. K. (Tunbridge).—"My wife is ninety-nine per cent mother." Then you must be a mere unit.

W. N. (Croydon).—"What I like about golf is that it's such a quiet game." H'm. You must play well.

D. F. (Clapham).—"I have written a play that will make everybody think." Evidently a miracle play.

J. J. (Crewe).—"I've no use for drunkards, sir. I passed a couple last night." Sure there were two?

F. W. (Poplar).—"When I enter Parliament things will move rapidly." And probably you will be one of the things.

R. F. (Finchley).—"You will still find any amount of swank in the West End of London." And Cheapside in the City.

E. V. (Kent).—"The hot weather has brought the hops halfway up the poles." A good brew should send a man up the other half.

P. R. (Southend).—"I came back from my holiday with my nose all skinned." You're not the only one to be "skinned" at the sea-side.

D. S. P. (Prittlewell).—"He freely admitted that he had been imprisoned three times." He had the courage of his previous convictions, anyhow.

H. S. L. (Kettering).—"I've had to delay my holidays." Don't delay your *Bullets* next week. You may win one of the 1,000 Holiday Prizes before you go.

L. M. (Battersea).—"The specialist told me to give my brain a rest." How well you seem to have followed his advice.

MAUD F. (Raynes Park).—"My fiancé writes quite a lot of poetry." Then you'll have to take him for better and for verse.

Mrs. R. (Mile End).—"I am on very good terms with most of my tradesmen." And on easy terms with the remainder, perhaps?

Mrs. F. (Cranleigh).—"My daughter has a great ear for music." There's no cause for worry so long as she hasn't a great mouth for it.

BESSIE (Huddersfield).—"I could easily swear to the cyclist who knocked me down." The difficulty is will he stop to listen to you?

L. L. (Coniston).—"I may be an infant in the eyes of the law, but I'll show him I'm not an infant in arms." Still, you're an infant up in arms.

O. M. (Stainforth).—"She had two thousand pounds when he married her, but he isn't happy." Possibly because she still has two thousand pounds.

L. K. (Manchester).—"Why do poets have long hair?" Well, of course, the more hair you have on your head, the softer it feels when you land.

TAM McT. (Aberdeen).—"As a young man I started a bank-book with saving 'bus and tram fares." No good to-day. They've got inspectors to nab bilkers.

HANNAH (Devon).—"I should like to send you my recipe for rich fruit pudding." Owing to a crowd of other matter we are unable to find room for it.

P. S. (Harwich).—"My wife does all the talking, while I do all the thinking." We suppose she says what she thinks, and you think what you'd like to say?

J. J. (Manchester).—"My people scoff at me because I wear black boots with brown uppers." Well, don't worry so long as you're not down on your uppers.

M. S. (Manchester).—"If I tell you I have secret information that the oil wells of the world are drying up what will you say?" Go thou and do likewise.

DISTRESSED FATHER (Hampstead).—"I can do nothing with my son—he refuses to work and spends all his time on pleasure." Evidently a hard knut to crack.

Mrs. F. (Muswell Hill).—"The people in the flat above us have brought our ceiling down with their dancing." You'd better charge them with overhead expenses.

W. B. S. (Marlborough).—"Since I've been well off everybody's started borrowing off me, and I'm not a bit happy." Don't worry. At this rate you won't be well off for long.

F. R. (Eastbourne).—"I'm afraid I'm getting rather fond of my landlady's daughter, and am going out with her." If you're not careful, your landlady will be charging you for her as an extra.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.

BAD LEGS CURED
IN YOUR OWN HOME.

NO RESTING. NO OPERATIONS. NO RELAPSE.

Why suffer with your bad leg? Why endure the throbbing, burning, aching, and stabbing pain that makes your life a burden and a misery? If you cannot rest, if you cannot sleep, if you cannot work, and if you are continually in pain, you cannot enjoy life as you should. But—You are not doomed to suffer! Even now you are suffering needlessly. Tremol Treatment has cured others and it will banish your pain. Thousands who suffered just as you are suffering to-day are now cured by the Tremol System of Treatment, and delivered from the bondage of pain.

ARE THESE YOUR SYMPTOMS?

IS YOUR LEG PAINFUL?

Bad legs cause terrible pain. With open wounds, sores or ulcers the agony is intense. The flesh is drawn and tight. Twitching and shooting pains make the leg throb and burn. Rest is impossible. When the leg is red and itchy, sufferers could "scratch it to pieces." If it is inflamed and weeping, the leg smarts and burns. Heavy, tired, and aching limbs from Varicose Veins compel sufferers to lie up in bed frequently. Stiff, swollen joints stab like needles, and quick movement causes the leg to give way with stinging pain. And so it is with all bad leg sufferers. Pain! Pain! Robbing life of all pleasure, condemning the sufferer to unending misery.

IS THERE AN OPEN WOUND, SORE OR ULCER?

An open wound, sore, or ulcer usually develops from a knock, from varicose veins, a pimple, or a scratch. In the majority of cases the wound is surrounded by inflammation and complicated by varicose veins. A terrific gnawing agony afflicts the sufferers day and night. They cannot sleep. They must nurse the leg continually. If you suffer in this way you can be cured as thousands already have been cured by Tremol Treatment.

IS YOUR LEG INFLAMED WITH ECZEMA?

Red, burning inflammation causes intense irritation and smarting pain. The leg may be hot and fiery. Innumerable scales form. Sufferers know neither comfort nor peace. Under Tremol Treatment all skin inflammation passes away and your leg is made sound and well.

HAVE YOU PAINFUL AND SWOLLEN JOINTS?

Severe pains shoot through the joints when they are stiff and swollen. Walking and free movement is painful and difficult. Sufferers cannot follow their occupations. In these cases, Tremol achieves brilliant results when all other treatments have failed. Every sufferer from painful joints should get Tremol Treatment without delay!

NOTE THESE POINTS.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WHEN OPERATIONS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN OINTMENTS HAVE FAILED.
WHEN RESTING HAS FAILED.
WHEN ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WITHOUT RESTING.
WITHOUT OPERATION.
WITHOUT RELAPSE.
WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.
WITHOUT LOSS OF WAGES.

Tremol Conquers Bad Legs

WITH SOUND NEW SKIN.
WITH BETTER HEALTH.
WITH RAPIDITY.
WITH CERTAINTY.
WITH GRAND RESULTS.

VIEW OF NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

HOW TREMOL CURES.

When doctors, hospitals, infirmaries, ointments, and all other treatments have failed to cure—TREMOL will cure you. Many thousands are already cured. Hundreds are being treated and cured to-day. Under Tremol Treatment ulcers and open wounds are cured with sound new skin. Varicose eczema, even when combined with varicose veins, disappears. Swelling is reduced. Stiff and painful joints become painless. Inflammation and irritation pass away. Pain is banished, sleep is restored. Health is improved.

TREMOL IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT.

Why does Tremol conquer all leg troubles? Because every case receives individual attention. Your age, sex, weight, occupation, how long suffering, the nature of your bad leg, and all the factors affecting it are taken into account. The right treatment to bring about a lasting cure will be specially prescribed for you. You will be under special treatment until you are cured.

TREMOL CONQUERS BAD LEGS WITHOUT REST.

Resting cannot permanently cure bad legs. Tremol has abolished resting in bed. You can apply Tremol and be cured whilst you are working. No lying up. No loss of wages. Tremol cures without a moment's unnecessary rest.

TREMOL RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

Thousands rejoice to-day in a good strong leg cured by Tremol. They have had no relapse. No return of their leg trouble. Think what permanency means to you. Better health! Renewed strength! Greater vigour! Your leg made strong and well.

AGE IS NO BAR TO A CURE.

Cases of ten, twenty, or thirty years' standing are cured as easily as cases of yesterday. Sufferers from sixty to eighty years of age and upwards are cured with the same certainty as sufferers of thirty. Their advancing years are made free from pain.

OUR FREE OFFER TO YOU!

No matter how long you have suffered, no matter how old you are, no matter where you live—our offer is for you. Fill in the coupon, send it to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, and without any charge or obligation whatever, you will receive full information about the great Tremol Treatment. Also you will have our expert advice on your leg trouble absolutely free. This astonishing offer is made to you and every bad leg sufferer by the Governors of the National Infirmary because they are determined that this widespread suffering must be banished from the land. Seize this wonderful opportunity now! Do not delay. Every consideration will be given to your case. To help you and to place the Tremol Treatment within your reach, the National Infirmary will send to you free of all charge.

A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK.

This book is full of sound information and advice to all Bad Leg sufferers. It deals with the causes of all forms of Bad Legs and how they are cured. Thousands praise the day they read the book. It gave them the knowledge of how to get cured in their own homes, without loss of work, without painful operations, and without resting. Send for this valuable book at once. It shows how you, too, can be cured.

A LEGAL GUARANTEE.

No other institution in the world undertakes a legal guarantee like the National Infirmary for Bad Legs. They can do so because of their absolute and perfect confidence in the Tremol System of Treatment.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED ALBUM.

It contains coloured illustrations taken from life of actual cases cured by Tremol Treatment. Each illustration shows a typical case of a bad Leg made good. This album is convincing proof of the marvellous curative powers of Tremol Treatment.

A LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT.

No matter where you live, you will find neighbours cured by Tremol Treatment. Their names and addresses we will send to you to enable you to get first-hand personal knowledge of how Tremol Cures. Call and see your neighbours. Learn how they suffered. They are willing to help you. As they were cured so can you be cured.

DO YOU WANT YOUR LEG CURED?
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (WARD B.L.).
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me without charge or obligation your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album, Legal Guarantee, List of Cases, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

.....

State Complaint .....

THIS IS *YOUR* OPPORTUNITY TO GET CURED

Neuritis

The testimony of a trained Nurse who has been relieved of great nerve suffering by Cassell's Tablets.

Letter from Nurse Blissenden.

Nurse N. Blissenden, of 30, Evington Valley Road, Leicester, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered greatly from neuritis in my arms. The pain at times was almost unbearable. Night after night I could not rest with them. As a trained nurse I naturally tried various remedies, but with no satisfactory result. However, I ventured to try Cassell's Tablets, and to my great relief I found improvement. I continued to take them, and do so at the present time. I feel decidedly better in every way. There is nothing to equal them for neuritis. I have recommended them to a great number of my friends, and they also are finding great relief."

Nurse Blissenden.

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME.
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney
Sleeplessness	Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's
Nerve Pains	Weakness
Headache	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price 1/3; Family Size, 3/-
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

A "WEED" TRAGEDY

Life-time of Work Ending in Pitiful Poverty

WHEN next you throw away the stump of a cigar that has gone out and grown bitter, think of the bitterer prospect in old age of a woman who spent many years of her life fashioning those fragrant rolls of tobacco leaf which have brought such solace to you when you have felt depressed.

Mrs. A. was set to cigar-making soon after she left school, and became an expert at her trade. Many thousands of cigars made by her hands must have vanished in smoke before she married and became the mother of a large family.

Her husband, unfortunately, suffered from heart disease, and her romance changed to tragedy when she had to return to the factory and resume cigar-making to support her husband and children.

YEARS passed, and her hair grew grey and her figure bent. The war, which deprived so many parents of the solace they looked forward to in their old age, robbed her of two stalwart sons. Their bodies lie mouldering somewhere in France, and a third boy was so incapacitated that he finds difficulty in supporting himself.

The mother tried to take up her cigar-rolling again, but though her hands had not lost their cunning, her work was slow, and she soon found that preference was given to young girls whose fingers were nimbler, and who had no weight of woe to handicap them in their output.

There remained one unmarried daughter, now a girl of eighteen, who took to the work to try to keep the diminished home together, but for a long time now she has either been unemployed or working only two or three days a week, and all the old cigar-maker, who is now sixty-four, can rely upon for support is the pension of 12s. 2d. a week allowed her for the loss of her sons.

As she says, it is almost impossible to avoid getting behind with the rent and the bread and milk bills, and if she should be evicted from her humble tenement there is no refuge left except the workhouse.

A little help can tide such a poor soul over the shallows and stave off the threatened wreck of a life-time of work.

"THE Greatest of These—" Fund is in need of greater resources to enable assistance to be given to people in distress. It is terrible to have to ignore an S.O.S. signal. If all our cigar-smoking readers would send us weekly the price of a single "weed," it would make a world of difference.

Remember that every penny contributed to the Fund is expended in relief. JOHN BULL bears all the cost of administering this "hundred-per-cent" charity.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"C.," 5s.; Anon., 2s.; S. P. R. (Stockport), 1s.; H. B. (Westcliff-on-Sea), 3s.; E. A. L., 2s. 11d.; "Still Unlucky," 7d.; "Grateful Heart," 2s.; "Kinah" (Hitchin), 1s.; G. P. G., 2s.; "Peg's Mother," 1s.; E. M. B. (West Ham), 2s.; L. A. H. M. (Edinburgh), 5s.; "Finchley Nurse," 2s.; "Mowbray," 2s.; J. P. (Carnforth), 2s. 6d.; "Conscience Money," 2s. 6d.; "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; "Doris," 2s. 6d.; A. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; "Another Ninth," 3s.; F. (Liverpool), 15s.; H. L. F. (Stratford), 6s.; A. T. (Aberdeen), 1s.; "Still Hoping," 1s.; "Just a Little Help," 6d.; W. S. Hull, 1s. 6d.; H. A. H. (Birmingham), 2s. 2d.; "Old Sailor," 6s. 6d.; C. D. (York), 6d.; Roman Catholic, 5s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"John Bull" Guarantee

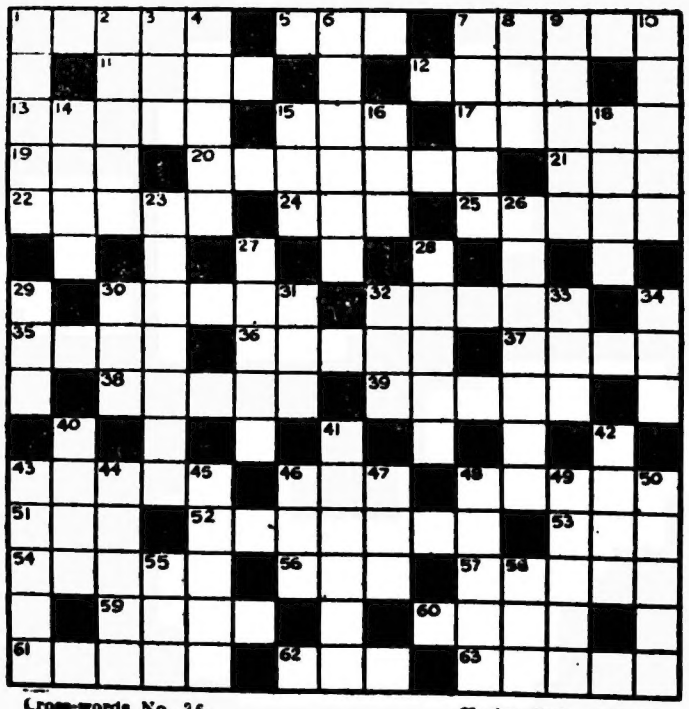
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within a month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of a dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

Our Cross-word Corner — *500 Prizes*

Try This in the Train



Cross-words No. 26. Closing Date July 29.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PERCHANCE you are about to start on your holiday. Past experience has proved to you how fatiguing and trying is a long journey in the train, especially on a hot day. You have read JOHN BULL, you have read all the news in the paper, and you are tired of watching the scenery as you whiz past.

It is now that the solving of our Cross-word Puzzle will afford the needed relief. Turn to this page, get out your pencil and you will be so intently interested that you will have reached your journey's end without that feeling of fatigue and listlessness that has been your experience on other occasions.

There are Five Hundred Prizes offered, and, to ensure absolute fairness, no attempt will be opened before the closing date, July 29.

ACROSS. *CLUES* DOWN.

1. Writing material.
5. Lamb.
7. Subject.
11. Severe defeat.
12. Filament growing from skin.
13. Prison chains.
15. Insect.
17. Reflection.
19. To-day.
20. Happening every three days.
21. Heavenly object.
22. Equivalent.
24. Number.
25. Midland river.
30. To lessen.
32. Skyward.
35. Terrific wind.
36. Proclamation.
37. The rainbow.
38. Dodge.
39. Coin.
43. Absurd.
46. Crude metal
48. Hatred.
51. Past.
52. High Turkish official.
53. Maiden name.
54. Medicinal plant.
56. Nourished.
57. Smallest.
59. By-product of coal.
60. To incline.
61. Cleaning material.
62. Human organ.
63. Desolate.

1. Preservative covering.
2. To roam in quest of plunder.
3. Age.
4. Corroded.
6. Required.
7. To infect.
8. Personal pronoun.
9. Delete.
10. Happening.
14. Colour.
15. Skill.
16. Metal.
18. Artillery.
23. Blue flower.
26. Purified.
27. Collar fasteners.
28. Repose.
29. Period.
30. Beverage.
31. Extend.
32. Snake.
33. Effort.
34. Donkey.
40. Wire prison.
41. Grasping.
42. Billiards accessories.
43. To beat.
44. The present.
45. Dripping.
46. Away from.
47. Terminal.
48. Greased.
49. Silly.
50. Register.
55. Neither.
58. Human organ.

Fill in the Puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 26, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday

D	I	R	K		G	R	A	S	S		B	I	L	L
A		E	E	R	I	E		O	A	S	I	S		
D	R	A	Y		R	E	G	A	L		G	L	E	
O	I	L		M	A	L	A	R	I	A		E	L	
		V		E		F		P		E		C		
B	A	I	L	I	F	F		S	N	O	O	K	E	
A	L	S	O		E	L	E	C	T		D	O	R	
N		S	P	A		O		A		F	I	R		
G	L	U	E		F	A	U	L	T		C	A	P	
S	H	E	R	B	E	T		D	E	F	I	N	E	
	A	S		D		T		T		L				
A	S	P		R	E	G	U	L	A	R		A	I	
B	A	L	D		R	O	B	I	N		A	X	L	
E		O	R	G	A	N		M	U	F	T	I		
T	I	D	Y		L	E	A	P	S		E	S	P	

Solution of Cross-words No. 24, which appeared in our issue of July 11th, and the prizes have been despatched, and a list of prize-winners may be seen at this office.

ESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 567.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500:

Mrs. OLIVER,
Poplar Crescent, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
mple :—YOUTH AND AGE
xt :—BOTH FIND "GOING" HARD.

ECOND PRIZE OF £250:

. J. HOLLAND, 10, Winsley Road, Cheltenham
oad, Bristol.
ple :—A HOT TIME
COAL-MINES NEED COOL MINDS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

. R. RICHARDS, Ginston, Uppingham,
ple :—KNOTTY PROBLEM
MANY GRANTS OR EMIGRANTS.

OURTH PRIZE OF £50

F. G. WICKS, Cheersley, Aylesbury, Bucks.
ple :—FOR A HOLIDAY
:—"RECRUITING" FOR HEALTH'S "COLOURS."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:

. A. HOLDROYD, 6, Whitley Street, Blackpool.
ple :—UNFORTUNATELY
PROMISES "CARRY EMIGRANTS AWAY."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

OLCLOUGH, 191, Shelbourne Rd., Bournemouth.
H AND AGE—WHIZZING BY—WHEEZING BY.
DEVINE, 30c, Albert St., Motherwell, N.B.
UNDER DOG—AND TOP, BITING MIDDLE.
NCAN, Craiglockhart Avenue, Slateford, Mid-lothian.
OUR DOOR—EUROPE'S "FIST," AMERICA'S PALM."
ITCHER, 3, Herrick Rd., Saltley, Birmingham.
FUTURE—ADDRESS—" LONDON, ENGLAND, ARTH."
JONES, 184, Wadham Rd., Bootle, Liverpool.
ITY PROBLEM—COAL AMITY OR CALAMITY.
LEONARD, 44, Windsor Rd., Ilford, Essex.
RE FAMILY—"BLOOD GIVERS" NEEDING TRANSFUSION."
ntered on "Target" Prize coupon).
P. McQUOWN, 6, Parkhill Rd., Hampstead, N.W.
PIRE FAMILY—UNITED—ECHO ANSWERS "TED."
. SCOTT, 55, Petworth Rd., Friern Barnet, N.
HOT TIME—*Lawyer* ADVISED SEA VOYAGE.
IMSON, 5, Queen St., Whalley, Nr. Blackburn.
ADAYS—"DIVINE SERVICE," TENNIS REFER-EE.
ILLIP, 34, Upper Thomas St., Merthyr Tydfil.
E IS A BABY?—"MONARCH," FATHER THE ABDICATOR."

0 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

CUMMINGS, 16, Thornton Ave., South Shields
H AND AGE—NEITHER NEED CONSTANT REMINDERS.
HERON, 46, Caroline St., Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
THE PATIENT SAID—"VIOLET RAY!—WHO'S SAID?"
ntered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
OHNSON, 6, Townley Rd., East Dulwich, S.E.
E IS A BABY?—"SEQUEL" TO "OLDEST STORY."
LARKIN, Hillside Cottage, Beach Lane, Penarth, Glam.
TO GET WORK—CHEAP EXCURSION *Goods* TRAINS.
PAGE, 184, Inchmery Rd., Catford, S.E.
PPY ENDING—BOTH EXCHANGED WRONG ADDRESSES.
PIER, 46, Etherley Rd., West Green, N.
NDAYS—THE WOMAN PAYS—HALF.
RANSOM, 59, Queen St., Littlehampton.
NDS TO CUPID—EMPTYING QUIVER—QUIVERS EMPTY.
ohn T. ROYLE, Royal Artillery Band, Woolwich, S.E.
ES A GIRL—"TAKES WING," "HAWKS" WATCHING.
SMITH, 30, Hamilton Terr., Milford Haven.
T OUR DOOR—NOTICE—"I'M EX-SERVICEMAN Too."
Woodbine Cottages, Kingsbridge, Devon.
OW TO GET WORK—TREBLED, TRY DOING DOUBLE.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

Miss H. Adam, 16, Lawrence St., Glasgow; E. Alston, 11, Fountain St., Hull; A. J. Baldwin, Catlin St., Bermondsey, S.E.; J. Barratt, Bonaville, Mumbles, Swansea; H. Bell, 46, Hillfield Rd., Muswell Hill, N.; H. J. Bentley, 77, Nelson St., Darwen Furness; T. H. Berry, East Wittering, Grange House, Chichester; W. J. Bessant, The Corner House, Knockholt, Kent; J. R. Best, Ightham, Seven-oaks; J. Bingham, 31, Fabian Rd., Fulham, S.W.; T. Bourke, 109, Lordino Mansions, Holloway, N.; Brunn, 72, Weelsby St., Grimsby; Miss A. Burdge, Salisbury St., Thornaby-on-Tees; A. H. Burgess, Dr. Side, Charlton, Dover; Mrs. A. Chalmers, Chestnut Grove, Nr. Bridgford; Miss A. Cherrett, Parkside, East Howe, Kinson, Bournemouth; A. K. 6, St. Claire Terr., Otley, Yorks.; T. J. Coker, The Grove, Southend; S. Cole, 52, Nowell Mount, Whitehills Lane, Leeds; H. O. Coleman, 114, Wharn-cliffe St., St. John's Wood, N.W.; Miss F. Cook, Park Rd., Widnes; W. Barker Couling, 11, Abington Pl., Carlisle; A. Cunliffe, 375, Wigan Rd., Ince, Wigan; G. Dixon, 22, Banks Rd., Crossens, Nr. Southport; S. W. Dreweatt, 174, Monkton, Nr. London; J. Edwards, 2, Chandley St., Cheadle, Ches.; H. Elliott, New House, Newcastle Hill, Bridgend; W. Ellis, 260, Foley, 21, Japan St., Nr. Broughton, Man.; A. G. Evans, 15, Grove Rd., Colwyn Bay; W. Fawler, Cumnor, Nr. Oxford; T. G. Francis, Bowers Rd., Bromley Cross, Nr. Bolton; H. T.

(*Continued in next column.*)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 570.

MY HOLIDAY
WHEN FUNDS ARE LOW
SEASIDE BOARDING-HOUSE
FAMILY TREE
WHEN BRITISH
WITH A GIRL
WHAT WE DON'T WANT
SORRY SHE SPOKE
MATRIMONIAL MARKET
MAKES HER THINK
IDEAL PLACE
A BIT ROUGH
HER MASTER
WITHOUT A FRIEND
WHEN ANGRY
WHAT FATHER DID
I'D LIKE TO KNOW
BUSY MAN
AFTER A BATHE
QUIETLY
WITH A THREAT
HOLIDAY PROBLEM
WHAT THE FOREMAN SAID
NODDING
LOVELY TIME
WITH EASE
MORE AT HOME
WHAT'S WRONG WITH WEMBLEY
DECEIVES NOBODY
HIVE OF INDUSTRY
THROUGH THE KEYHOLE
WHAT IS A POLICEMAN?

Frewin, 22, Grosvenor Rd., Southall, Middx.; F. Frith, 7, Temple Sheen Parade, East Sheen, S.W.; W. D. Gage, 31, Earlsbrook Rd., Redhill; Miss L. Gray, 14, Smethurst Lane, Bolton; J. Harper, Park House, 123, Preston Rd., Brighton; W. Harris, 72, Rosendale Rd., London, S.E.; S. G. Holdsworth, 147, North End, Croydon; C. Hollands, Cookham Rise, Berks.; W. Holliday, 28, Commercial Rd., Guildford; J. Hollinson, 305, Uttoxeter Rd., Longton, Staffs.; E. Hooper, 17, Holloway, Bath; W. Hough, 99, Morley Av., Mapperley, Nottingham; G. Howe, 75 Hele Road, Torquay; T. W. Hudspith, 4, Derwen Rd., Pontycelyn, Glam.; A. Humphrey, 13, Cromwell Rd., Luton; J. Hunt, Customs and Excise, Canada Pierhead, Liverpool.; E. Hunter, Ferrier Pl., Airbles St., Motherwell; A. Jackson, 31, Gildredge Rd., Eastbourne; Mrs. E. Jackson, 32, Westgate, Cleckheaton; W. J. Jackson, 120, Pelham Rd., Wood Green, N.; O. James, Caledonian House, Swindon Rd., Cheltenham; H. Johnson, 3, Dial Yd., Oak St., Norwich; Mrs. Judson, 11, Haydock St., Earlestown; J. B Latham, 17, Towton St., Harpurhey, M.c.; J. Linden, 62, Ockendon Rd., Essex Rd., Islington, N.; A. V. Linnell, 58, Statham St., Derby; Mrs. L. Long, 4, Worship St., Hull; F. A. Lyle, 1, Coulman St., Gillingham, Kent; Mrs. C. MacEwan, "Rosegarth," Kennishead, Nr. Glasgow; H. C. MacKay, Church End, Durness, By Lairg, N.B.; J. Macleor, 3, Seaview, Girvan; Miss J. J. Macqueen, 139, Beedell Av., Westcliff; E. MacShane, 22, Carmichael St., Govan, Glasgow; J. Marman, 24, Back Block, Candsher, Tidworth; A. Middleham, 3, Vincent Rd., Sheffield; H. C. Mortimer, 700, Chesterfield Rd., Woodseats, Sheffield; J. Muirhead, 26, Glasgow Rd., Clydebank; M. Munro, 38, Whitefriars Rd., Hastings; W. Powell, 2, St. Mary's Terr., Cambridge; H. Pringle, Bron-y-Bryn, Pontyberem, Llanelly; H. B. Redford, 53, Victoria Cres., Eccles, Nr. Man.; R. Ridley, 32, Plumstead Rd., Norwich; C. H. Rolfe, 825, Finchley Rd., London, N.W.; A. W. Rudd, 83, Oak St., Norwich; Mrs. E. Sanways, 10, Well St., Newcastle, Staffs.; E. H. Simmonds, 86, Long

(*Continued on page 2.*)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three** or **Four Words**, having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—BRITISH GOODS *Bullet:*—LET'S ALL "CARRY SAMPLES."
Example:—DARBY AND JOAN *Bullet:*—FRAIL COUPLE—STOUT COUPLING.
Example:—HOMES FOR HEROES *Bullet:*—"ERECT" BEFORE HEROES "BENT!"

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to:—
"Bullets" No. 570,
"John Bull," Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 30.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(570) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 30.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(570) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 30.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(570) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 30.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(570) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 2. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 571.
THE EMPIRE'S FUTURE—INDUSTRIAL PEACE—RAIN OR SHINE—MIXED BATHING—ON THE SANDS—WHAT SHE LOVES—SEASIDE DONKEY—WITH A KISS—HER SECRET—WHEN SHORT—FOR BABY'S SAKE—NOT FOR ME—HOLIDAY FUN—IF SOCIALISM CAME—WHAT THE BOARDER SAID—WISE COUPLE—JOYFULLY—IF MONEY WERE ABOLISHED—EXPENSIVE—WHAT IS A HOLIDAY?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 13.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **571** in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **571,** JOHN BULL, LONG ACRE London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **570.**

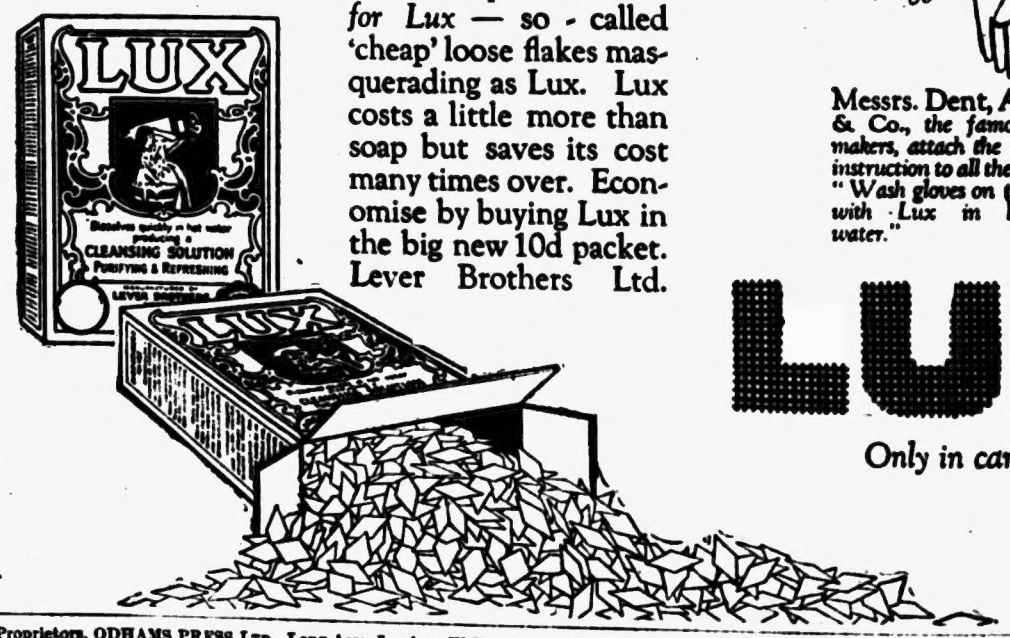
elegant gloves for graceful hands

"For nearly every occasion you will find that light washing gloves of chamois or suede always look dainty and smart" said the glove note on the fashion page. Light gloves do look fresh—you revel in their neat finish and fit—there isn't a mark or a wrinkle to offend your critical eye. But alas! railings and fences aren't so clean as they might be and gloves easily get soiled. That is why Lux is such a boon.

"Light gloves a nuisance?" said the trimly frocked woman, "My dear, have you never heard of Lux?"

Plunge your gloves into a foaming lather of Lux as soon as they are soiled. It doesn't matter how many times they are washed because Lux keeps them shapely and pliable right to the end. The pure lather cleanses so gently. Chamois leather, washing kid and suede, all fabric gloves, appreciate Lux. Washing gloves is no bother with Lux, for the thick suds cleanse so quickly. Be sure the water is lukewarm: gloves should never be washed in hot water.

Don't accept substitutes for Lux — so-called 'cheap' loose flakes masquerading as Lux. Lux costs a little more than soap but saves its cost many times over. Economise by buying Lux in the big new 10d packet. Lever Brothers Ltd.



Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co., *the famous glove makers, attach the following instruction to all their gloves.* "*Wash gloves on the hands with Lux in lukewarm water.*"

LUX

Only in cartons

For dyeing and tinting use Twink—which is Lux in a choice of 24 fashionable shades. In cartons at 4d and 7½d

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